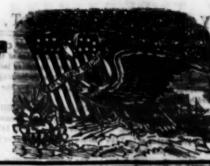
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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HENRY PRIMERSON, | Recreas AND PROPERTIES.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

A FORESHADOWING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY EDWYN HURD.

If the thick shadow which now lies Athwart the path my feet must tread. Shate out the quarkle And makes me dark to others' eyes ;

If doors that opened to my knock Stand closed against me; if, thus lorn, Lips that have kissed me, in loud scorn Make me a byword and a mock:

If, where I put trust overmuch, The weight falls; if old friends and tried, With shut mouths turn their stops aside, Or draw their garments from my touch ;

Be thou unchanged : keep the old faith That builded up a trust in me ; Let not my eyes, tear-blinded, see The shadow of a bitterer death

Than my last hour brings ; say, in thought, We two have trodden the same ways I, who know all his yesterdays, Believe his honor bath no spot."

Say this, and let thy quiet eyes Brighten with proud light at my name, Albeit clothed with reddest shame And give indignant scorn to lies.

Whatever taunt the world shall make, However deep its curses smite, Believe they wound not; that through night The broad light of the day shall break.

Then, rising up with heart content, Baring my forehead to the sun, I will pray, "God! Thy will be done ake back the little Thou hast lent.

"I have wrought feebly at the best :-And those whose paths came up with mine Have gone beyond me. I am Thine. My work is done now—give me rest."

Then, haply, when my voice is stilled, And a dead silence pleads for me, Love may arise from memory, The emptied urn may be refilled. Lawrence, Massachusetts.

THE SCOUT. A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern Distriet of Penna.]

CHAPTER X.

ANNIE BRENKINGTON.

Annie Brennington was staying at the house of James Hammond (where, you may remem-ber, Freekles gave out in his flight from Biringham,) during her father's absence in the Her mother being dead, and having neibrother nor sister, her father was unwil ling that she should remain at home alone while the country was so unsettled; so when ever he was obliged to leave home, she wen to James Hammond's, where she was always welcomed by Hannah, with whom she was an especial favorite. Hannah had no children but was blessed with an abundant supply of the maternal instinct, which she lavished upon all the young people she liked; a list that comprised pretty nearly every one of them she

Annie's nature, as I have said before, was one to reciprocate this to the full, and conthere existed between them very much the affection of mother and daughter .knew of her attach but, being rather garrulously inclined, had not from those who ought to have trusted him; so been informed of their engagement, lest, in he stood silent, with a cold, heavy sternness some unguarded moment, she might blurt out settling down like ice at his heart, utterly dissome allusion to it before Mr. Brennington or some of her friends, who would be sure to carry it to him. Annie had not intended to conceal it for any length of time from her father, and had several times made up her min to tell him all, but each time her heart failed her as she approached the subject, and she had let it go by, resolving that the next time she would tell him, and know the worst. The great difficulty was, that her father never in any way alluded to Roney, leaving the burden sing his name entirely to her, and at this point she always faltered. So, the matter had gone on for several months, and the decision was apparently no nearer than at the be ginning.

battle, in securing the country, that he had a very decided unwillingness to volunteer had few opportunities of seeing Annie, and she never knew when to expect him. She had thinking, also, that he ought to have made contrived on this occasion, however, to send allowance for the feeling which had caused they found Hannah standing in the porch, him word that she was at Hammond's, and the remark, forgetting that, though she unlooking in every direction for Annie.

"Take a seat and have some dinner, Though the flower in the porch, him word that she was at Hammond's, and the remark, forgetting that, though she unlooking in every direction for Annie." "this is Annie Brennington," indicating the and his wife having gone to meeting, and anxcanter, very unlike the heavy thump, thump ness of feeling which the autumn days always me before

of the plough horses that had previously

he comes! there he comes!!! she exclaimed, joyfully, springing to her feet, and looking eagerly through the window, and then hastening to the door as her lover turned

the corner of the house, and galloped up.
He was out of the saddle, and had sprus up the steps and met her before she had fairly reached the edge of the porch, leaving Freckies to take care of himself, which he did by quietly walking to the barnyard, where he sti erly, with his head over the gate, until the hired man came up, and recognizing him, led him into the stable, and relieved him of the saddle and bridle.

Roney stood in the porch with his right hand clasped in both of Annie's, and his left around her waist, and a very nice waist it was, too; not one of your little, drawn-in, thread-paper affairs, that a stout arm hesitates about resting on, for fear it might break it in two, but a solid, sensible waist, of good flesh and blood, and just large enough to fill Roney's arm com-

"I'm so glad thee's come, Roney," she said, with her soft, velvet eyes looking into his; "I'm so glad thee's come at last. I began to be afraid thee hadn't got my message, or thee wann't able to come; it has been two weeks then I see thee." since I saw thee."

"I know, darling," said Boney; "it's seem ed like two years to me, but you know I would have some if I could. I've been driven about from pillar to post all the time, never knowing in the marning where I'd be at night; ther've done me the favor to offer a reward for me along with the fiquire and Jem Gilmer, and I have to keep a sharp look-out."

"They are not hunting thee, Roney ?" she exclaimed, in alarm.

"I don't know," he answered, with a quiet "whether they're actually hunting me or not, but I know there's a reward of fifty pounds offered to any one who will deliver the body of one Roney Baidwin, a rebel in arms, within the British lines. If they catch 'one Roney Baldwin' I'll give 'em leave to take him

"Oh, Roney, won't thee be careful and not expose thyself? Thee don't know who might betray thee," said she, nestling closer to him, and passing her arm around him, as if to pro-

"Don't be afraid, Annie," he answered; "I know all in this part of the country who would be likely to think of such a thing, and I've no fear they'll eatch me asleep; but don't talk any more about it."

"Well," said she, "I wish all this fighting was over, and the country at peace again. I don't believe thee cares as much for me as thee does for riding about the country and getting thyself into danger, anyhow." ed, half-petulantly, "I don't see why thee an't come to see me oftener.'

It was one of those sudden choppings about of feeling and temper which assail women as well as men sometimes, and which are about as accountable as the chopping about of the wind.

ever was ship upon the ocean by the wind.— He could not understand it; he looked earnestly at her, to see if she were jesting, but he could see no fun in her eyes. He felt burt .-Conscious that he had spared ne effort to see her, that his riding over the country was in pursuance of a higher duty to which he had levoted himself, and with which he felt that no personal feeling should be suffered to interfere, he was at a loss to understand this sudden change of manner. Moreover, he thought that if Annie cared for him as he had a right to expect, if she really loved and trusted him, his being absent longer than usual ought, ipoo saying that."

facto, to be evidence that there was good reason

Annie laug for it. Besides, he had just one of those proud

as he loved her, and trusted him with an aba question. Her remark was simply an outbreak of the singleness and strength of her affection, which, for the moment, forgot everything but him and his prolonged absence from her.

make an effort to throw off.

They had left the porch, and were walking slowly together along a lane bordered by hedgerows, which led to the woods about a quarter feeling as I have before described, and Annie with a feeling that she had said more Roney had been so much occupied, since the | than she ought to have said, but also with any such confession; she could not help now aitting at the window alone, James | derstood it, he did not; just as he forget that

bring whose their influence is not resisted, be-gan to return to reason, and, as a consequence, to feel as though he was acting foolishly and

Annie's mind had been undergoing very much the same process f and as Reney was about to speak, he felt her arm around his about to speak, he felt her arm around his neek, and her soft cheek laid against his. His own arm very naturally took the same relative position, and sil misunderstanding was at an end in an instant. There were tears in the dear child's eyes, (for she was little more than a child,) as she pressed his cheek to hers and

said tenderly,
"Don't mind what I said, Roney; I didn't
mean anything by it; I'm so sorry I hart thy
feelings by my feelishness; thee won't mind
it, will thee?"

"No, darling," answered Roney—there was no ice about his heart now, "no, I've had nothing to mind; it was natural for you to feel so, and I was a fool-"

"There," said she, smiling through her tears, and placing her hand over his mouth, "thee shau't call thyself any such names; thee may blame thyself a little if thee'd much rather, but it was marry all my fault; for I do trust thee, Roney, and I know thee comes to

me as often as thy duty will let theo." me as often as thy duty will set thee."

The clouds were all gone, and the two lowers sat together talking quietly and seriously, but with perfect sympathy of heart and mind.

"Does your father know it yet, Annie?" in-

quired Roney at length, after they had talked over their rather dull prospects for some time. "No," she answered, "I've never had "No," she answered, "I've never had courage to tell him. If he'd only ask about thee, Roney, or say something about thee, so that I could lead him to it, I think I could tell him all; but he never mentions thy name. I wish he could see this war as thee does; I know he likes thee, but he says so many hard things about the rebels, as he calls them, that I am afraid ever to mention thy name to him for fear he might say semething hard about thee,

"He couldn't say anything that I wouldn't men as he and Joseph Chandler are, King George's cause would be a great deal the beter for it. By the way, do you know there was visitor at your house last night? At least, e was on the way there!"

"A visitor? No, who was it?"

"Why, little Abe fipier from Kennett.—
Jem Gilmer saw him as he was coming over to Squire Chandler's."

Reney now proceeded to give an account of lem's meeting with Abe, much to Annie's

"But I wish he would quit coming," she said, "and quit dancing around me so whenever we are in company together; he might see I don't like it." Annie forgot that her effort to conceal her dialike for fear of hurting Abe's feelings, had, perhaps, caused her to ap-pear more pleased with his attentions than she meant to—"he might see I don't like it; but he has never said anything I could take hold of and answer so as to make an end of it. I

"I think he will, Annie," answered Roney, courage was wonderfully screwed up last night, Jem said, judging from the way he was talking to himself. I shouldn't wonder if he'd pop the question next seventh-day night."

"I hope not !" said Annie, in sudden alarm "I don't know what to say if he should. How shall I answer him?"

tempers that would not let him stoop to defend casion alluded to, which I don't intend to recharges | peat, because they were meant to be strictly confidential, and were neither your business nor mine; and, besides, they were a great deal proportioned to the slight cause which had and warm from heart to heart, than they would wagon house and out by the lane, and known produced it, but which he was unable even to be if coldly scribbled down on paper by me.

He was all wrong. Annie loved him as deeply he keeps on annoying you in this way I'll have their hurt men back to Philadelphia." to put a stop to it; he knows well enough you lute faith which never dreamed of admitting a don't like it, and he only keeps it up because Roney?" inquired Hannah. he's such a conceited monkey that he thinks no girl can keep from falling in love with the door. him, sooner er later, if he pays her any atten-

ing at the sun, "they must have got back from meeting before this time, and Hannah will think I'm lost; I didn't tell her thee was coming."

They rose from the log and strolled slowly acquaintances and friends. along the close lane towards the house, where

she could not know all the causes which had she; "come in, thee naughty child; I begun iously watching for him, listening to every kept him from meeting her sooner; and so to be afeard thee had run off and got lost hoof-beat that approached the house, and won-they walked sadly and silently to the edge of in the woods; come in, Roney, I haven't dering whether she would recognise that of the woods, and sat down side by side on a seen thee since the day after the battle Roney, and I'm very glad to know you." before he came in sight, around the large log. It was a quiet, retired place, where when thee stopped here with Molly Chancorner of the perch. Horse after horse went there was no danger of interruption, screened dier; I s'pose thee's not in such a hurry to by, some walking, some pounding along in the from sight by the hedge on one side, and the get away as these was then," she added, hope."

They were still thick upon the trees with a sly look at Annie, which brought a count bonop lying dead be
They were still thick upon the trees with a sly look at Annie, which brought a count bonop lying dead bewhich my bones retain an indignant remembrance, until, just as she had begun to despair time, aided partly by his natural good sense to dinner, and I'm going to make thee tell me Maybe I'll tell them in your ear sometime." brance, until, just as she had begun to despair of his coming, she heard the quick, light patter of the hoofs of a herse approaching at a rapid canter was when I wanted thee was when I wanted thee to tell you see anything of the soldiers after place i before them, making fearful inroads on the battle; does thee remember how you left the house last night?" asked Honey, and that indefinable tender-grumpy thee was when I wanted thee to tell you for the house last night?" asked Honey, and the bread and butter and bacon with which the grumpy thee was when I wanted thee to tell you see anything of the soldiers after place i before them, making fearful inroads on you left the house last night?" asked Honey, and the bread and butter and bacon with which the same that annie looked embarrassed, and of Fort Mifflin by the British made this victory table was liberally furnished. Tea there was

"Yes, I remember it very well," said Boney,
"and I was very sexy for it afterwards, Hanmah, for you were very kind to me in every
mays lest, the fast is, I was very tired, and
y veryied and anytions about the Squire, and I
hardly know what I was saying. But I'll tell
you all about it this aftermoon."

"I know, I know," said the good-bearted
woman, "I don't wander at it, at all. These
mouth's think I mentioned it because I was
offented, for I wan't a kit."

At this mement Jamen Hammond came in
from the harn, where he had been putting up
his horse, and having seen Freckles in the
stell well because I will be you win who how that happened?" inquired Roney.

"I couldn't imagine, at the time, 'vis and surplaned at
the appearance of Roney. He greeted him condially, without asking any indiscreet questions
aliest the beauth of his visit, which he understood well emough, for his wife, who could no
more have helped telling her husband everything the base, than water could have helped
running down hill, had made him sequainted,
as far made over huswing aniended, with the
farter of affairs between her two favories, and
who was staying here," he aided, looking at
Annie, with a smile that lighted up his grave as for as her own imprings extended, with the state of affairs between her two favorites, and with a good many conjectures besides.

"But why didn't thee tell us Roney was

"But why didn't thee tell us Roney was coming?" inquired he of Anule.

"I didn't know it mynelf," she answord, blushing; "I know he was in the neighborhood, and I thought maybe he might come."

"Now come into dinner," said Hannah, "er i will all he void; James, do thee take thy seal there," pointing to the head of the table where a fine turkey was waiting to be carred, "and, lioney, thee ait here, and Annie on the other side of the table, and now reach the real walls in the manualty."

As soon as the dinner was fairly in progress, Hannah reminded Roney of his promise, and he proceeded to give bur and her husband a minute account of the lastic and his adventures up to the present time; James Listening with slight gravity, and Hannah, with easer with slient gravity, and, Hannah, with eager interest, breaking out every now and then into explamations of "do tell," "well, I never," Ac., as the narrator graphically described the various exciting incidents of the unbe glad to forgive for your sake, Annie, as well happy aleventh of September, from the time as for his own. If all the Royalists were such men as he and Joseph Chandler are, King in until she had found him standing over his horse opposite her door in the evening; and afterwards his own adventures, and the escape of Jem Gilmer and the Squire on the preceding night. The last was new to Aunie also, and though she had abounding faith in her lover's shifty to take case of himself, she felt a very lively satisfaction in knowing that Jem, and not Roney, had been the here of the night race across William Willson's meadow.

"I would like to see that Jem Gilmer." said James, "it was a bold and a risky thing in aim, to lead the chase after himself, that

"Yes, it was," said Roney; "but Jem loem't care for risks, and, I don't believe he has any idea of what fear is."

"I'm afraid he'll get thee into some dreadful danger, with his recklessness, Roney, said Annie, "I wish thee wasn't so much with him."

"Jom's not reckless, Annie," answered Roney; "he knows there is no horse in the British army that can catch his chestnut in a "I think he will if he gets a chance. His fair race, and he is always on the lookout for surprises; but he's not a man to run away rem a noise, or to leave a troop of soldiers in his rear without knowing what they're after. He suspected that this party was after the Squire, from their turning down the Concord Road towards his house. He knew the Squire was at home, for he was on his way there to in con't make much difference what, so it there without being seen; so he took the lan't like what you said to me," answered Roney, laughing: "I don't care about your them off. He told me he didn't have to draw saying that." Annie laughed and blushed together; for she he showed himself. It was well for the Squire and Rosey had said several things on the oc- he did think of it, for I don't believe anything also could have saved him "

'I wonder they didn't go to his house, as it

was," said James. "They knew it was no use: they must have more interesting and sensible, springing fresh | heard Jem as he galloped out from under the that he would alarm the Squire; and besides, "But seriously, Annie," he continued, "if they must have had their hands full getting

"Does thee know where Thomas is, now,

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Hannah, who'd have thought it ?"

him by the hand cordially, for they were old "Take a seat and have some dinner, Tho-

"Ah! that's where thee was, eh?" said latter, by a slight gesture, "a young friend of "This is Annie, is it?" said the Squire;

"I've heard a good deal about you, from she, with a slight blush; "nothing bad, I

"Do you know how that happened?" in- with

doubt if many other men could have done it. He told me you were coming over here, and who was staying here," he added, looking at Amile, with a smile that lighted up his grave awarthy features very pleasantly, "and I made no doubt I should find you."

"Is thee going to take him away f" inquired Hannah, asking the very queetion that Annie was longing to ask, only she didn't like to.

"Not yet awhite," answered the figure: "I don't believe I could get him away yet; if he has no objections, and Annie has none, I'll ride.

has no objections, and Annie has none, I'll ride

The dinner was by this time over, and the two elder men spent the afternoon in conver-sation about the war and its prespects. James fammond was inclined, with a large part of the inhabitants of that region, to cons case hopeless, while the Squire spoke with ertainty of ultimate success. He never suf fered himself, for a moment to doubt it, and succeeded finally in inspiring James with som of his own hopefulness.

In the meantime, Roney and Annie Brennington had improved the opportunity to take rereation of a somewhat different character and much more to their own edification than i would be to that of any one else. Though they walked home together, their real parting was accomplished, with the usual ceremonics in such cases, in the quiet lane, where the was nobody to criticise it. The apparent part ing, which was accomplished on the por hour afterwards, was of the most orderly de-scription, countains of a shake of the hand, with a "good-bys, Annie," and a "farewell, Roney," all done and sald in the most proper and matter of fact way conceivable. Neverthe-less, poor Annie, after watching them from the corner of the porch until she could see them no longer, went into a dark corner of the parlor and wept silently.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTOR.

The months had gone by. The British had mained near Birmingham until the 16th of September, when they moved towards Phila-delphia, passing by "The Turk," mentioned in the early part of my story. It took its name from the tavern which stood on the Kast side the Wilmington Road, about a hundred yards south of the great road to Lancaster; its sign was embellished with an authentic portrait of a Turk, by an artist who had n seen one. However, it was a well-known fact that all Turks were turbans and great beards, and were very truculent fellows generally, so the artist had made a face with as much savageness as he could throw into it by means of a very black heard, and very big eyes, staring from beneath extremely bushy black eyebrows, surmounted by a huge pile of white cloth, twisted into impossible folds, to represent the twisted into impossible folds, to represent the such supplies as I can, in the neighborhood, turban. The town is now one of some five for the army. We are short of everything, and thousand inhabitants, and one of the loveliest inland towns in the State, well and compactly built, and blessed with everything that can that you who stay at home should help to feed make it desirable as a residence. At the time and clothe those who are risking their lives for I speak of, however, the "Turk" was almost your liberty." the only building there. The British army, in its march, had passed over the ground where the court-house now stands; there had been a has the power on thy side, and must do as slight skirmish with the Americans, near the pleases thee."

Warren taveru, which was ended by the retreat of the latter, whose scanty ammunition power I may have, Mr. Willson," said the offi-"I don't think he's far off," said a voice at had been ruined by heavy rains; the division | cer, "I had very much rather that the aid we under Wayne, which was encamped at the need were given willingly; we don't wish to All present turned to look, and beheld a Paoli, had been surprised and almost cut to oppress any one, but the army must be supbroad, square-built man, in the dress of a day broad, square-built man, in the doorway.

"Well," said she, "if he gives me a good chance I'll try to satisfy him that there is one, at least, that can keep from it. But we had springing from his chair, and taking him springing from his chair to couple with that of Arnold ; I would make it The farmer rose from his seat, and shook a synonym for cowardly meanness and blood—the door and giving a brief order to his men. thirsty treachery; I would spread it on a blank On the 25th they entered Philadelphia, the

he had finished it the British were retreating to her dismay at their errand, in pity for their for

the five which had turned flow to the Chempeaks flay, were at hot removed in that the flow could cense so the city.

The Autumn had gone by. The glory of the Cereber colors in the forest had given piace to the sober runest or November; the dreamy, warm, haly ladian summer had come and gone, and the December some was all over the land and upon the ice-leading rivers; and tracking it with bloody flowateps, the patriot army had marched to their dreary and desciste winter quarters at Valley Porte. Among the blook hills lay cloven thousand men through the whole of that terrible winter, sullenty but firmly enduring such privations and sufferings as no army had ever endured before for any length of time. Men set night after night by the camp fires, 'till the stars went out in the grey dawn, because they had use blankets to grey dawn, because they had no binnicts to sleep in. More than a quarter of the whole force were reported unfit for duty, "barefoot and otherwise naked." Pamine stared them in the face, and more than once laid her gaunt claws upon them; and Washington was compelled, most reflectantly, to send out foraging parties to selse corn and cattle, lumber, provi-sions, anything that could be carried or driven. Certificates and receipts were given to the per-sons from whom these things were taken, many of which remain to this day as heir looms in their families, having never been redeemed, and those which were redeemed were paid in the depreciated Continental currency, of which over thirty millions were affect, and which was thirty millions were affoat, and which was valued when offered in payment at about pound for pound in weight.
One Saturday afternoon, while affairs were in

this state, as evening was drawing near, Sam burst into the room where William Willson and his wife were seated at supper, breathless and in a high state of exciton

"Massa Willson! Massa Willson," he exclaimed as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak, "der's a comp'ny o'sojers a in up de road !"

"Boldiers," said his master, "what kind?

"Den' know, sa; did'n' stop to speak to "What kind of coats had they," asked the

farmer; "were they red?" "No, sa," said Sam, "dey wan't no colo" in partic'lar, some o' dem hadn't no coats at all;

m'y ragged ole blankets." "It must be a foraging party from Valley Forge," said the farmer, looking uneasily at his "and there are our hogs just slaughtered, and all the lumber that has been seasoning for the new house; it will be a great loss to us, if

they take them, Sally." So it will, William," answered his wife, with a sigh, "but surely they won't take

"I'm very much afraid they will," he answered; "they are in very bad case over there, and wont't be apt to pay much attention to what we think or say about their right to take them. We won't be the first they've served so.

"Well," said she, as a knock was heard at the door, "I s'pose we'll have to submit." The door was opened, and an officer stepped into the room.

Who lives here " he inquired civilly enough, though with a slight dash of military peremptoriness in his tone.

live here," answered William, laconi-"So I suppose," said the officer, dryly; "but

may I ask your name !"
"My name is William Willison," was the answer; "what does thee want to know for "I want food and shelter for my men, for the night, and to-morrow I want to procure it has become necessary to forage for through the country It is no

"I don't mean to argue the matter with

"I don't wish to take advantage of any ported, and you see how we are situated."

"Thank you." said the officer, stepping to

They filed into the large kitchen stacked page, as a farmer spreads a pole cat on his barn their arms, and gathered around the fire, a motley and uncouth looking set, in every variety of dilapidated costume; some with Americans having previously withdrawn, and blankets, as described by Sam, some with ragthe Congress having removed to Lancaster and ged military coats, one or two with sound shoes, subsequently to York. The battle of German and the rest with toes peeping out, frest-bitten town had been fought and lost by a causeless and inflamed, and some with pieces of bark panie; and while Abe Spicer was in the fence tied to their soles by means of rags which were corner, laboring at his poem, down at Kennett, wound over their feet and around the ankles in "What does Roney say about me," inquired the shores of the Delaware were echoing with place of stockings. They looked wan and hunthe rear of battle at ited Bank, and by the time ger-pinched, and the kind-hearted wife forgot

They were soon gathered around the table, fore it. Verily, small things and great some- derouring eagerly the food which had been who saw that Annie looked embarrassed, and of Fort Mifflin by the British made this victory table was liberally furnished. Tea there was

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deposites of reached be to, Sally Willows below

I the fire-place where the blaze of a bright wood fire was erackling and rearing up the nighty chimney, while their officer sat on the seach which filled one and of it, giving the news from the army, and describing their suf-brings and privations in a way that forced

forings and privations in a way that re-many an expression of pity and sympathy from forch, notwithstanding her extreme disappre-val of his errand in this particular instance. In the course of the ovening, the weather grew milder and it began to rain, and towards nines clock, Abram Willess, who had been away from home for a day or two, came in, drenched to the skin, having been caught in the rain on horseback. He looked somewhat surprised at the seedy-looking, unexpected guests and their stacked up muskets, but greated them civily on his father's brief introduction. A place was n his father's brief introduction. A place was ade for him near the fire and he sat down to

dry himself, having first taken of his upper coat, which he hung in the corner to dry. The early hed-time of the country was soon at hand, and it became necessary for the farmer to dispose of his self appointed guests. All of two were to sleep on the kitchen floor by the fire, and the officer was shown to the "best" bed-room, by Sarah, who had a lurking hope that this attention might have a good effect on

the next day's foraging arrangements.

Alcam had already gone to divest himself of his wet clothing, the farmer and his wife had ed to their own room, and the kitcher was left to the possession of the two sol-diers and flam, who immediately disposed himself for the night in his usual fashion —to wit, with his feet close to the ashes and his head wrapped up in a horse-blanket. About midnight one of the soldiers can-tiously raised his head and turned towards the negro who was enering furiously in the depths of his woolly covering. After watching him for a minute, and seeing no in dications of arousing, he carefully raised him and laid his hand lightly on his arm. The latter opened his eyes at once, and was about to speak, when his companion instantly put his finger on his own lips, with a meaning glance Sam. He then pointed to Abram's which was still hanging in the fire-place, and went through sundry pantomimic motidicative of rummaging pockets, which were sufficiently intelligible. The other grinned and odded assent, and the first one, stooping close to him and pointing at Sam with a backward

You look out for the nigger, and I'll try it: if he goes to speak, or shows the white of his eve, neck him.

So saying he rose cautiously, and proceeded to examine the pookets. There was not much in them, but among the contents was a leather purse containing a small amount in gold, which Abram had been keeping for emergencies, ever since specie had begun to disappear from the Though the amount was small, its loss would be a serious inconvenience to him, and it was quite enough to make the two secundrel chuckle over their good luck, and their eyes to glisten at the long unaccustomed sight. They divided the money carefully, avoiding any chinking together of the pieces, and lay down again, after having favored Sam with a final scrutiny. The latter's anoring never wavered for an instant, and the two heroes addressed selves to sleep with a comfortable certainty that the affair had been very picely managed

So it had, but they were a little mistaken in regard to one point. Sam had heard the first man get up, but had wit enough to lie still and give ne appearance of noticing what was going on. There was fortunately a small slit in the blanket with which his head was covered, and through this, he watched their motions with his eye half shut, snoring industriously all the

portunity, while Abram was at the barn looking after his horse, and informed him of what had taken place. The latter immediately went to the house, took down his coat, and found, upon ex nation, that the fact was as Sam had stated He said nothing at the time, but waited until after breakfast, when the soldiers were formed outside the house. He then went up to the officer, and said to him,

have a complaint to make."

"What is it, sir ?" inquired the officer

My pookets have been emptied, and my urse taken by two of thy men that slept in the house last night?"

Are you sure of this?" said the officer; 'I think you must be mistaken.'

Mistaken ! I left my cout in the fireplace to

The officer looked down, and bit his lip. Could you identify the men?" he asked. "I don't remember which of them slept in the to him, saying,

" I can't; for I had gone to hed before the men reparated; but Sam, here, can; for he

ith them, and saw them take it." The officer turned to his man and said.

" Men! a theft was committed in this house last night. Two of you, who slept in the are charged with it. I don't know which of you it was, but I mean to find out. the rescals who have diagraall and the cause we are fighting for. Form in line! Mr. Willson, will you point out the men

ed as they were ordered; and

Now," said the officer, " who were the men from me; thee did nothing of the kind; write

Well," said the officer, "speak out, if you

m; don't be afraid." "You won't lef 'um do nuffin' to me, if I

ne of the rest will want to hurt you."

'un;" pointing with his claim to a sugged, sub-stand near the right of the line, "an' day's detailed near the right of the line, "an' day's de totalen," he added, indicating the man at the extreme left; one of the two or those who respond to a whole god of shows; "dad as folior's got his share o' de money in 'is right show, an' dis yer one's got 'um in 'is jacked pocket."

'Keep down your hand, sir!" spoke the "What the del man's bediness.

'What the del' see yer againg at ? Yake

officer quickly and sternly, as the fellow made an involuntary movement towards his pocket with it; "you, Plaker and Jones, lay down your arms and step out of the ranks."

The men did so.

"Bearch them," said he, inconically, nodding to a couple of the men who stood before

The culprits were then searched, or rather having had no time to shift their booty, it was at once pounced upon, in the right shoe of the one and the pocket of the other, as flam had described. The money was handed to the officer, who counted it; finding that it was all there, he handed it to Abram, eaying,

"I am deeply mortified, Mr. Willson, that such an offence should have been committed such an offence should have been committed by any under my command; I didn't suspect that I had any jall-birds under me; but I'll take care it isn't repeated; I will leave the naming of their punishment to you."

'Thee needn't punish them on my account,' said Abram : "I am satisfied to have fastened the orime on the right ones, and got back the money, that I could ill spare. If I am to name the punishment, it would be to leave them to

"Their consciences are tough, sir," replie the other, emiling, "and they would think themselves very well off, to be touched in no enderer place; I would willingly grant your equest," he added, in a lower voi rould not answer at all : I could not maintain discipline an hour, if I should pass over such a breach of it, to give it no worse name."

He then spoke in a louder tone, addr. mself to the quaking culprits:

"Now, gentlemen both, I'm going to favor you with a choice piece of instrumental music, called 'The Rogue's March;' and for want of rums, it shall be played on your own hides.

The company was then formed into two lines, about five feet apart, both facing in-wards. The command "Order arms!" was given, followed by the heavy "thud" of the nucket butte upon the wet ground.

Draw rameods!"

They were drawn. " Now, Piaker, do me the favor to take your poet there," pointing to the opening of the file; "you, Jones, go six paces in his rear; so; now, when I give the word, you will pass through-at a walk, mind you; we'll have the march played slowly, for fear of missing notes, and you, men, will each of you give them blow, well laid on, as they pass."

The word was given, and his orders were beyed to the letter, some of the blows being laid on with exceeding vigor. Plaker, when about half-way through, attempted to run, but was instantly collared, and, by the officer's or-der, marched back again to the entrance, and empelled to march slowly along the whole line having made nothing by his motion but an increase of the beating.

"Now, gentlemen," said the officer, "I will let you off this time, with what you have had : the next time you won't get off so easily.

Part of the men were then ordered to the earn, and were soon engaged in disturbing the blessed Sabbath stillness by the sound of flails, as they threshed out some grain which was remaining in the sheaf, while the others went to work to tie three large hogs which had just been slaughtered, to a sled which they found

The owners of the property, as may be supposed, did not view these summary proceedings with any very amiable feelings, and Sam, n particular, who rather looked upon the hogs his own peculiar property, was capering bout in a high state of indignation, muttering himself a choice assortment of "inverted dessings," which he kept for private use

When this was finished, the officer turned to William Willson, and inquired. Whose lumber is that stacked at the other

nd of the barn !! That is lumber that was cut by me last

namer, and is there seasoning for a house I expect to build in the spring," was the answer; "does thee mean to take that, too!" "We must, Mr. Willson," was the reply;

are sadly in want of stuff for building

huts for the soldiers ; I regret exceedingly the EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.] necessity, but it cannot be helped." The officer then called some of his men to his assistance, and proceeded to measure the

pieces. When he had finished, he wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to the We don't mean to rob you in taking these

things, Mr. Willson; there is a receipt for all dry last night, with twenty guineas in gold in we have taken, at a fair valuation. If you will a leather purse in the right hand pocket; this keep that, and present it when better times keep that, and present it when better times come, it will be redeemed."

The farmer took the receipt into his hands. read it over carefully, and then handed it back

This is not correct."

"Not correct!" said the officer, looking at it, and comparing it with the paper on which he had made his calculations

"Oh, yes: the wood has been fairly mea sured; you can go over the calculation your-

"I didn't say anything about the measur the whole thing is wrong from beginning end," answered the old man, whose wrath had sething and fermenting since the day be fore, and now fairly boiled over, "and I won't take it!

"But why not!"

"Because thee says thee received these this that thee took them by force, and the Sam glanced along the row of faces, and come a great deal nearer the truth; as it is, it

The het blood mounted to the officer's facat this blunt statement of a very unpalatable fact, and he half drew his sword, but the stern tell?" inquired Sam, anxiously.

"No, of course not; Pli take care of stem, end, but looked steadily in his face, and said,

"Thee needn't trouble thyself to vapor thy

"What the d-I are you gaping at? Yoke a pair of oxen to the cart, and pile that lumber in it; we must be back to the camp night. As for you, sir," turning to the farmer,
"you may thank your stars you are an old
man, and a Quaker. If you were not, I'd
make you eat your worls at the sword's

The old man stood looking at him with cold

omposure, but vouchsafed no answer. The soldiers worked rapidly under the sharp, eremptory orders of their leader, and in a few Road, taking with them the results of their foraging, leaded on William Willson's sied and art, drawn by four of his best ozen, and leav ing the receipt upon the ground, where the officer had dropped it in his sudden fit of anger. (TO ME CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Bully Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is 88 a year single number. For \$5, is advance, one copy is so three years—or four copies sent to one direction f

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for overy taste-the young and the old, the lades and gas-tiemen of the family may all find in its ample pages amouthing adapted to their peculiar liking. Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.-We care rticle is worth preserving, it is generally worth makin

ADVERTISEMENTS.-THE POST IS AN ble medium for advertisements, ewing to its great error lation, and the fact that only a inseted number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to Tun Poer, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt, nuther of Richelten, Grace Greenwood. Did Buminion, &c. T. S. Arthur. Martha Russell. Emma Alice Browne. Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "Letters Author of "My Last from Paris."

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the per of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MU LOCH, ALPRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COL-LINS. H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,-giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE Poer, or as fresh selections-which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, who write expressly for our columns, are—first and

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have heritated at no reasonable apence to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr James for the above Novelet the sum of \$1,680.00!

ount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We high reputation enables him to command. her add that Mr. JAMES will warre

STORIES by MARY HOWITT A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Ess.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS" RIM. By GRACK GRKENWOOD. LETTERS FROM PARIS. A SERUS.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY. PORMS from RMMA ALICE BROWNE, Acc.,

In addition to the above and other original. and our usual selected stores of Literary s we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c .- a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country

THE CAVALIES.-In our next number we design commencing this last production of one of the most distinguished authors of the age. As it will probably run for some time in the paper, it will be, we think, of itself, a andle nducement to subscribe to Tun Poer. If other inducements, however, are wanted, we furnish them in a list of contributors that is not surpassed, if equalled, by any contemporary.

THE INDIAN QUESTION .- A meeting was recently held in this city, for the purpose of organizing a society for the protection and civilization of the Indians. One object is to see that the appropriations annually made to cerber, are expended in the estab lishment of schools for reading, writing, and instruction in agriculture, instead of being equandered in gandy adornments, whiskey, & at fabulous prices.

BOARD OF HEALTH.-The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 192CLOSE OF COMMENS.

The second section of the Thirty-Pith Congress closed on Priday last. It may be styled emphatically a Do Nothing section. It is fairly amoning to call over the list of what was not

The Pacific Relieved Bill was not pu The Bill granting Pensions to the officers and Chambers, Poison Goblets, Death Trape addiers of the War of 1812 was not passed— Dreams of the Danned, Calls of the Doemad failing in the female, after being carried through

The French Spoliation Bill was not passed— falling in the House in being taken up, after getting safely through the Jaws of the Senate. The resolution in favor of abrogating the

The Bill apprepriating \$30,000,000 to facili-te the acquisition of Cuba was not passed.

Authority to the President for a military ocupation of Sonors and Chihuahna was not

The Homestead, Bree-Farm Bill was not pas failing in the Senate. A Bill to alter and revise the Tariff was and

The great lobby bill for new lines teamships was set passed. The Agricultural College Bill, which donated ome six millions of public lands to the States

and Territories, was not passed; being vetoed by the Presider Authority to the President to employ the

Army and Navy to enforce American rights Transit reute, &c., was not given. The Bill appropriating a large amount of money to Post Routes and the Post Office, was

So much for the Bills not passed. On the

other hand, the usual bills appropriating the necessary sums to sustain the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments were pas -as also a Bill authorizing a re-issue of Trea sury Notes to the amount of Twenty Million

At the time we write this, it is not known rhether the failure of the Post Office Appro riation will lead to an Extra Sess That bill failed on account of the Senate's ha-ving adopted an amendment raising the price of letter postage from three to five cents. This revenue measures must originate in the House and the aforesaid amendment is open to the ction of being such a measure. crease of postage in itself, is probably one of the most unpopular measures with the great nmunity that could be adopted mass of the ec —and there is little doubt that people gene-rally would rather see the whole bill fail as it has, than that the Senate's amendment should have prevailed. To raise the rates of postage eems like taking a step backward toward the dark ages. It is said that the Post Office should sustain itself; but we see no more reason that it should, than that the Judiciary should. If those who use the mails should bear the burden of them, why not those who use the Courts of Justice bear the burden of that Department too? Besides, if the Post Office were not saddled with loads of franked matter. with costly mail service, and was as economically managed as it might be, the present rates doubtless would not only pay all expensos, but leave a surplus over. convinced that we speak the sentiments of al-most nine people out of ten, without distinction of party, when we deprecate any increase of the rates of postage, either of letters, of newspapers, or of magazines.

BURNS AS A HAT PEG

Under this title, a recent number of Dickens's Household Words" alludes to the numerous celebrations in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. The writer

These are, indeed, remarkable times. These are, indeed, renarrance to be well aware that the memory of Burns is something to be proud of, is only to possess an idea which has been the common property of former generations. But to know that the an idea which has been the common property
of former generations. But to know that the
memory of Burns is likewise something on
which the smallest of us can hang up his own
individual importance; something which may
help the greediest of us to grub up our little
handfull of money, and the obscurest of us to
emit our little speech, is to make one of those
rare and remunerative discoveries which we of
the present generation may claim as peculiarly
our own.

what will help me, Mr. Anybody, to make a long speech, and to get it reported in all the newspapers? What will procure me the privilege of telling an assembly of my much-enduring fellow-creatures that I have "sauntered with delight along the Banks o' Doon; that "I have stood in rapture on that spot where Ayr, gurgling, kissed its pebbled bed;" that I have "climbed" up this place, spot where Ayr, gurging, Essed its perblied bed;" that I have "climbed!" up this place, and "wandered through" that; and "looked with emotion" here, and "gased with sorrow" there; and what will give me the pride and pleasure of actually seeing it in print the next morning! Heeh, sire! Just the memory of

The article proceeds to show the hollowness of much of this celebration business, by calling attention to the fact that the poet has a surviving daughter, to whom a little pecuniar assistance would be very grateful. The distinguished author, Thomas Carlyle, when these celebrations were being arranged for, called the of Mrs. Begg, but we believe that not in a single instance was anything done for her. One tenth of the money squandered in these eatings and drinkings and speechifyings, would probably have made the indigent daughter of the poet comfortable for life; but not even that one tenth was forthcoming. Would that some of our spirit-rapping friends could succeed in invoking the spirit of Barns, and asking himthan whom no man more despised all cant and sham-his opinion of the recent celebrations. If that opinion could be procured, in the usual terse and emphatic language of the peasant bard, "eloquent orators" and their guarling hearers would probably learn a few plain truth of themselves more wholesome than pleasant.

WHEREPORE, do I pray, My book may lie upon no learned shelve, But that in some deep summer eve, per-Some woman, melancholy-eyed, and pale. Whose heart, like mine, both suffered, may this Read by light mellowed with her own ro

Lord Byron thus defined negus: "A compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water."

Ten Larry or Asasson; Os, Ten Power Genner, by Genner Lereau, (T. S. Petersen, Philadelphia,) is a very particularly fark ro-mance of the Dark Ages, and we are bound to say, that of all the blood-and-thunder looks ever brought under our notice, this is alto-gether the bloodiest and most thundery. Red Traps, Monks of the Holy Steel, subterranean vaults, scaffolds of torture, skulls, hones, coffins graves, plots, parricides, fratricides, homi cides, suicides, battle, murder and sudde death, crowd in one terrific conglon the pages of this astounding composition! On fancies that the author must have gathered his materials while riding as a raving Bedis mite, astride a nightmare, through some Italia Horrorland of dreams. But his horrors only excite laughter and disgust, not terror.

OUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c. Aw Oan Sussensum. We agree with our Louisville friend that the "poor and friendless" should be protected when they appear as witnesses, or otherwise, in court, from the ins of a certain class of lawyers; but we do not agree with him that Professor Horsford's standing and position should have gone for nothing. The antecedents of a witness may be of such a doubtful, po to my suspicious, character, that a lawyer would be justified in a course of examination which would be simply abusive in the case of another, who had a high reputation for integrity and truth-fulness, the result of a life-long practice of the instified in hold virtues. A Judge would not be ing a council to the same respectful course of cross ming in the one case, as in the other. That kind of republican principle which holds one man to be just as good and respectable as another without regard to the intellectual and moral character of the two, is just that kind which is bid-ding fair to ruin the country. If a man pays his debts, respects the laws, acts generally as a good citisen, and manifests more than the average abi-lity or goodness, it should fairly entitle him to more respect and honor among his fellow-men, and when brought before their representatives, than if he had made himself notorious in just an opposite direction. Of course, we know that wisdom and virtue are their own exceeding great reward-but wee to the nation which make no more of its wise and worthy citizens than of its ignorant and vicious ones! That nation is just as sure to go to destruction, unless its course be changed, as a vessel is sure to go to wreck, whose guidance is

sideration, our correspondent will unite in this J. R. B. You wish to obtain the life of "General Sam' -somebody, you forget the name. Probably it was Gen. Sam Houston, of Texasalthough we do not remember that he was a great Indian fighter," and "renowned for a boat fight with the Indians." Gen. Houston, for that matter, has lived on the frontier, and among the Indians, and considers them a much abused race. Perhaps our correspondent is thinking of Uncle Sam -and not "General Sam"-for the former has been a tremendous "Indian fighter" in his dayand can show a greater number of square learner result of his fights, than all Indians together can show scalps. To get the much coveted Indian territory, Uncie Sar his children, are always ready to accept an Indian war-and, if there is none at hand ready made, to make one. STUDEST. If you have a Bible and a

on board. We can hardly doubt that, upon con-

Dictionary about, you never need be at a loss for instructive reading. As to the Bible, every one admits its worth and value—but the Dictionary is apt to be overlooked. And yet there is hardly any book from which you can get more is hardly any book from which you can get more useful information. If you really have a liking for instructive reading, just pick up your Dictionary some evening, and you will find it a most absorbing work. Then, for poetry—though the Bible is full of it-if you have a Shakspeare or Milton about-and take THE POST, you will be abundantly furnished : in fact there is too much reading, instead of too little, done by most people newsdays. Instead of doing their own work, verybody is doing the works of other people. And the mass of trash that is thrown off the printing press is immense-even we say this, who the idea of doing so is abandoned at once, and a choice is made of what shall be read. For our own part, who have at least to chronicle, a vast oad of books every year, we are tempted to cry, with the poet,

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless contiguity of shade, Of unsuccessful or successful works,

DRAMA. The name of the "immortal hard"if there is such a thing as immortality on this little dirt-ball of a planet-may be spelled Shakepeare or Shakspeare, the latter being generally preferred by scholars, as being in accordance with poet's autograph, preserved in the British Museum. As for Shakspeare's works themselves. we are "old fogies" enough to think that a welledited expurgated edition, in which all the fith should be cut out, would be much better for lamily reading than the complete text. While we do not mean to deny the wonderful genius of amount of trash has been talked and written about him, which, if he only could have seen and heard it, would have thrown him into alternate convulone of laughter and disgust. The mortal part of the "immortal" bard's genius is palpably and often painfully apparent. But in an age of political, literary and artistic cant and humbug, like the and clay, and beslobber sensual satyrs as if they many Diana's nymphs.

A. R. Philadelphia is the largest city, as to extent of area, in the United States-and the one ries and comforts can be had by poor men, for the least money. The number dred dollars, is very great. A large proportion of those which rent from \$150 to \$300 co as many conveniences-furnace in cellar, range in kitchen, bath room, gas, hydrant water, &c.,-as the more expensive houses. Then the large area over which the city is spread, and the conveniences above alluded to, are greatly conductive to had been so much rain that the track was in the the health of the city. The Northern portion of condition, though the horse- made excellent the city. The Assertion condition the city of the city o the city limits-the unbailt portion, we mean, running time. The day was rather cold, at from Germantown to Chestnut Hill-is probably there were not as many ladies as usual on the

age is almost entirely free rees cause and needs.

It abounds with springs and rivalets, which, moreever, do not dry up in the summer. In fact, it is
one of the garden spois of the Union—as any stranger will say who visits it.

Inquines. Your London friend did not mean probably to call your attention to a work called "The Woman Enter." Probably be said 'The Woman 'Ater"-meaning "The Woman the letter h too much to use it, except in

THOMAS. We never require a fee for giving advice, though it would be perfectly right in us to imitate the example of the lawyers physicians, and other professional men. We should not feel insulted, however, if such were effered; or, if we did, should pocket the insult, not being disposed to throw good money into any ugly fellow's face, and thereby possibly make him more ugly. J. S. C. We knew of no such charitable insti-

ution in this city

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WHITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SYRVING POST

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 8, 1859 Mr. Editor :-

Being safe again in these good United States, will take up the thread of my sketches, tangled as they are by the rollings and pitchings of the "Black Warrier," in that rough old

Gulf. What a delusion the authors of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and "Life on the Ocean Wave," were laboring under at the sea-son of those compositions! While lying in son of those compositions! While lying in my berth, feeling like a barrel of water, with all internal arrangements on the shake, and my spine almost twisted into a corkscrew, I decided that the poetical idea of sea life is all a grand humbus, better to sing of than to

Upon our return from Matanzas, we were very satisfactorily accommodated at Mrs. Almy's, which proved to be much the best hotel; and those who are experienced in Havana life, secure rooms at this hotel by writing, previously to leaving the States. It has the advantage over Mr. Wolcott's, by being in the heart of the city. There are a great many invalidation here, and I have yet to see the first one who is not anxious to return to their own country .-All appear to be of one opinion, giving the preference to our Southern States, particularly Florida, which is universally ackn owledged to have a climate equally as fine, the living much less expensive, and then being under our own

Government is a charm of itself. New Year's Day in Havana was exceedingly warm. The thermometer at one o'clock, P. M., stood at ninety degrees in the shade, and one hundred and twenty in the sun. It was too warm to be out of doors till quite late in the afternoon, and at nine e'clock in the evening we were riding in an open barouche, in full dress, without even a light shawl thrown

We left Havana on the 3rd of this month, fully satisfied that we had seen enough to compen sate us for all the inconveniences we had experienced. We would have enjoyed visiting Morro Castle, and our friends endeavored to obtain permits to that effect. But since the President's Message, the Captain-General has avoid ed granting permits to Americans; therefore, we were informed that extensive repairs were being made, making it very inconvenient to

receive visitors.

The clerks at the hotels appear to make quite a business of getting your passports from the officer, and purchasing tickets for the departing guests. I thought it was through kind feelings; but we soon discovered the love of money was greater than the love of accommodation. The passage money was thirty dollars apiece to New Orleans, and six dollars was harged for putting you and your baggage on board ship, and procuring a permission to are interested in a book printing office. But the leave. Experience is a great institution. One thing is beginning to work out its own cure. No sensible person, who has his or her own business to went on board the ship, there bought his ticket, sittend to, can pretend to read everything—and so and kept the extra six dollars in his pocket.-Various demonstrations were made by the gentlemen at the idea of being swindled so completely. All seemed to be in the same ship, in more senses than one-which somewhat

abated their excitement. We gathered on deck to take our last view of Cuba, and remained there I much as fifteen minutes, when suddenly there was a general stampede for the cabin. waves in the gulf were running very high, and the moment we left the bay, we had to battle with these waves, which produced a general

upside downishness. After getting out of range of "Morro," I ventured to remark I thought the Island ought to belong to us, but was not prepared to propose the most approved method of Americanizing

Havana. After tossing about in the gulf till Thursday at two o'clock, we crossed the bar and entered the Mississippi River. It rained hard all the afternoon, and our delight at getting in smooth water was made manifest in various ways. Some of the ladies had sufficient energy to remain on deck in the rain, determined to see all the sights. It became so foggy, however, we were forced to restrain our curiosity. made slow progress, having to depend on the pilot at the mast head, who being above this dense fog, gave directions. There is nothing centions of what is either great or decent, and of interest till you near this city, when you see plantations with large grange groves. reached the wharf at eleven o'clock, P. M.; no custom-house officers being about, we had to leave all our baggage, and proceed to the St. Charles Hotel, which we found crowded to excess. It being race week, and to-day being the Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, every body seems to have rushed to the city. the first night we had a room under light: the next day, however, we were brought

ment at this botel-it seems a world of itself. Yesterday we were out at the races. Ther

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, MARCH 192, 1959.

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THE HOUSE OF MEETING.

The house at which Mr. Key and Mrs. Bicklos used to meet, is described as a substantial dwelling of brick, standing directly on the street. It is a queer building, two steries in height, narrow, with a roof slightly sloping toward the sidewalk, a small porch, and an L running back to a middy alley. A wooden stable stands next door. A man, who belongs to the stable, says that he had almost every morning at nine or ten o'clock, seen Mr. Key, whom he knew by sight, enter the front door of the brick house. He came generally on foot, but sometimes on horse-back, hitching his iron-gray to a convenient post. Others had seen Mrs. Sickles go in at the same door rarely; but he never had. It seems that Mr. Key was in the habit of signifying his presence in the house, by a red ribbon, hung from an upper window in the rear, which can be seen from the cross streets. Mrs. Sickles would walk down one of these, usually k street, which is nearest her house, and upon catching sight of the signal, would dart between the negro huts, up the blind alley, along one side of which runs a path, comparatively dry, and by a back gate would reach the trysting-place. Sometimes disguised, often with her face enveloped in a close hood.

The house is conveniently near, being only two squares northealy, and one easterly of her husband's residence, which used to be occupied by Judge Woodbury, and is about equidistant from the White House, the War Department and the Jackson statue in the centre of the park on which it fronts. The landlord was a colored man, named John Gray, who stated that he received fifty dollars a month rent for his house, he having furnished it, &c.

Mr. Key was the son of Francis Bond Key, au-

outriders; wore jewels to the value of \$5,000, and seemed to want nothing that she did not have.

She is represented as being very penitent, and is overwhelmed with grief. She declares that she has had enough of fashionable life in Washington, and prays for oblivion. She describes her husband, when he returned to the house after having accomplished his bloody work, as entering her room looking like a marble statue, only uttering the single rentence: "I have killed him."

She states that Mr. Key received an anonymous letter on Thursday night last, which he showed to her, warning him against continuing his visits at Mr. Sickles's house, calling his attention to the fact that he was much older than Mrs. Sickles, and ought not to pursue her, and assuring him that, unless he desisted, Mr. Sickles would detect him, and that in such an event the consequences would be serious, if not fatal, to one or both of the parties. It is a sad commentary on the shallowness of the friendships in fashionable circles in Washington, that of all the gay throng which crowded the parties of Mrs. Sickles on the Thursday night preceding at her levee, but very few have condescended to call upon her in her misfortune.

MR. SiCKLES.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Mr. Sickies now occupies the jailor's room, for the convenient access of his friends, some of whom are in constant attendance upon him. Mrs. Sickies still remains in the house at the west end, and the rumor that she had been arrested as a winness is untrue.

The foliowing counsel have been retained by Mr. Sickies:—David Paul Brown, of Philadelphia, Edward M. Stanton, of California: Daniel Rateliff and Samuel Chilton, of this city.

Mr. Sickies: dwelling was opposite the Washington Club House, and Key was accustomed to go up stairs to a window in the latter building, overlooking Sickies's house, and hang out signals to Mrs. Sickies. He would also go in Lafayette Square, wave his handkerchief at her, throw out kisses, and make profuse Jemonstrations of attachment.

The name of the Washington Club House, is a misnomer now, the club having been dis-

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LIVING IN A CASTLE

It came into our possession quite : dly, as a lagary left by an old fries makend. It was described in the ed in the will se nt, although it was sotually old Norman castle. Lawyer oir language, but certainly as descriptive; and there was no gesting any cor-rect idea of the place without a personal visit. The small wassless and the two inches of blo-The small weedout and the two inches of his-tory which we heath respecting it in a book upon the Antiquities of Sussex were reflicient to exists our curiosity; but not sufficient to satisfy ft. With as little delay as possible, my husband went down, and his betters were en-thuriastin, not to my supturess. We had divery a strong passion for the middle ages (which, I must my, I never theroughly shared), and I was not emprised when he caddonly returned, and gave as order for our immediate removal. It was rather late in a very fine autumn, and It was rather late in a very fine autumn, and although we had only just some back from a lengthened stay at the mastic, we closed our leaden establishment once more, or my hus-band was bent upon passing the Christmas at his new property. There was something so novel and exciting in transplanting ourselves direct from a pather dull modern square, with not even a black statue of a statesman to give it an historical flavor, to a veritable castle in one of the oldest counties of lingland, full of legends and traditions, and venerable with age, that I was rather pleased than otherwise with

in the surrounding neighborhood, for the position of Rubbic Cartle (that was the title it went by) was somewhat lowely. There were several bleak bills, a scrap of moor-like common, and a bit of rugged forcet near the place, and the village was four miles distant. How such a baronial-dwelling came into the hands of the late owner (Mr. Vandal) we never precisely ough we guessed II was an

ortgage. Our removal was attended with considerable on. Our servants were annoyed at leaving London, and more annoyed at being conveyed to what I heard them call a down-"penictentshary." The conchenan and in became friendly for the first time since they had been in our service; the old female cook, presuming on her length of servitude, was rebellious; the two house-maids were sulky and obstinate; my own maid was unusually prim and severe; and the only one who seemed to enjoy the change was little Waddles, our

Byery room of our droary castle was a passage, and every passage was a vault. It looked an imposing place from the outside, with its turvets, its drawbridge, its portculis, its towers, its ment (which made the lower spartmen very damp), its arched doorways, buttlement and little peop-holes of windows; but inside there was not a result—to use a vagar engre-tion—that you could swing a cat in, if we ex-cept the two principal halls, which were like rallway tunnels. But the most singular part about it was an old warder, who looked aged enough to have been present when the first stone of the castle was laid. He was very feeble, of course, with rheumatism, and was just one of those old servants—very unlike my servants whose pride it is to die at their posts. And a nice post it was. A hole in the thick stone wall, like a cell. Call it a porter's lodge, or give it any fine name you will, but you can-not alter the place. It was an ummistakable cell, worse than many I saw at the model prison, where burglars and such people were humanely confined for their crimes. The old warder's duty was to attend to the portculis and drawbridge (the only entrance across the most). him. He had worked that portcullis and that drawbridge before the present generation was born, before the family possessors of Rubble Cartie went gradually to the bad, and sold or mortgaged their ancient property, and he was not in the humor to be assisted by our coachman or footman, even if either of those lazy and dissatisfied menials had offered their inexperi enced services. The portcullis and drawbridge were old-absurdly old-the machinery was antiquated, rusty, and generally out of order, and the process, in the old warder's hands, of letting any person in or out, was a noisy, creaking performance that lasted nearly half an-

There was little time left for moping about or even thoroughly examining the place, for some been my husba I had invited mouldy hangings and scanty furniture, made mous free rearing up forge like chimneys, we produced the appearance of comfort, if not the reality. The servants were not at all reconciled to the place upon further acquaintance, and idered the whole removal as thing little better than joining a gang of gipsies. ations had not been good, and the master and mistress had not been indulgent, I believe the whole body would have tendered

The first visitors who arrived were Mes. and Mas Gushington, an enthusiastic widow with actic daughter. They were in raptures with the castle, as I fully expected, and I was very glad of it, as it was a good ex-

"What a dear, delightful duck of a plaalmost shouted Mrs. Guahington before the first for Mr. Crowcomb distinctly stated that he was

"And so old, mamma!" interposed the

"Yes, my dear," returned the mother, "so oid! Where did your respected husband up such a dear, quaint, feudal rolie, Mrs.

'It was left us as a legacy," I replied.

"Oh, how charming !" returned Mrs. Gush gton, with enthusiasm; "how very charm ing-so unexpected !"

m't you like the middle ages?" asked ton, in a tone very similar to her

"Not much," I answered.

Gushington, "what I should call this place if it were mine?" ng very protty, I'm sure, dear," I

turned, with pulleness.
"The Monted Grange, after Tennysen's poem.

disposed to unchange the comforts of modern civilimies for the barbarity of the middle ages, without an unsminble struggle. Such were old Ms. Crowcomb and his wife. They

had get the best spartment in the eastle-stony, of seures, -that could not be helped; but a room fit for a king and queen-in

niddle ages.

They did not complain direct to me or Mr.
Coggleshall; but Mrs. Crowcomb's maid made frequent application for impossible things in the kitchen. Our servants in their present temper took care to convey this to me, as a hint of their own deplorable condition.

A communication was opened with the neighoring village (four miles distant) for the purpose of victualling the garrison. Consider the extent and the unusual character of the demand, we were tolerably well served; and it was amusing to see the old warder going through all the forms of challenging the butch er's boy in his eart, on the other side of the oat, as if he had been an invading army. When he came for orders, to save the tro of letting down the old, cranky drawbridge they were shouted through a speaking trumpe

hrust through a slit of a window The first serious difficulty that I experien in the victualling department was with the cook, who could find nothing in the shape of kitchen utensils with which she felt disposed to risk her professional reputation befor

"It's all very well, mim," she said, "fo born savidges, which was content to eat their meat raw from the points of dadgers, but it

I presume that she alluded to the manner and customs of the middle-age barons at their repasts; though I did not inquire further. To get over the difficulty, without more discuson, I took her to the armory, and made a se lection of helmets, breast-plates, and a variety eld metallic things that I knew nothin about, sufficient to set up a cook in business a a public club honse. I knew I was commit-ting sacrilege; but what could I do? The most was one of the most obtrusiv

es that we had to deal with. It was, in parts, half-full of a green, slimy mud, and we had not been in the castle many hours before we became painfully aware of its existence

There was no concealing the fact, nor doubt only living link that bound us to the past, was

gest a remedy.
"Well, sir," he said, "I rememb moat wur looke that for more nor fifty year."
"Yes, yes," said Mr. Coggleshall, interrupt

"Ab !" said the venerable adjunct of th place, with a chuckle, "that's more nor you por I can tall. It cum loike that about a weel a'ter old fir Cleaves died, an' they do se-

This was sufficient for my husband, who had special dislike of the old warder's legends, and he dismissed the aged servant without fur ther questioning. The next day we sent to the town for a surveyor—a person not easily found in those parts—and his report (which ost us fifty pounds,) could only tell us that, in former times, the most was supplied with water from a spring; that this spring had dried up from natural causes; that there were no mean at hand for sisating the nuisance except by bereing for water to flush the most clearing out the mud altogether. We adopted neither of these expensive suggestions temporarily kept off the enemy by a liberal apdication of chieride of lime.

We had great trouble with our only child. Alexander, aged nine years, who was home for his holidays. He made a companion of little Waddles, our fat page, and together they scaled such giddy heights upon the tower-bat to see them. When this ampsement was do nied to them, and the ways of access were closed and guarded to the upper parts of the castle, they let themselves out of an arrow with his usual impetuosity, to give the place a the most, and were lost to the inhabitants of with his usual impetuouty, to give the pieces the moat, and were too to the castle for many hours. When they, at of this—" he checked himself as he was about struck my husband, that Mr. Coggleshall, bridge, they were one mass of dry, light-colored es before upholstery was raised into dirt from head to foot, and they had great diffi only in making themselves known to the old Their story was that a treacherou part of the most had given way, and plunged them up to their necks in the ancient m They had run about the common and the forest until they felt dry and comfortable, and thought they looked desent, when they had presented themselves, a little before dusk, under the notion that they might enter unol served. Alexander had spelled a new suit of clothes, and sittle Waddies had utterly de-

stroyed his livery. Scarcely had we recovered from this fright when we heard piereing shrinks issuing from the north turret, where Mrs. and Miss Gushington had taken up their quarters. If it had not been for the sourage of Mr. Coggleshall, I believe that no one would have ventured to investigate the cause of these sounds of terror : saither a hero, nor a crusader, and the servants were already beginning to believe in stories of white and red ladies who walked by night with great wounds in their husband.

We care the acting committee of the West gleshall, with most praiseworthy promptitude, select a thick stick, and went direct to the room where Mariana (Miss Gushington) was preparing herself for dinner. He found that young lady with dishevelled hair, crouching in a large bats, who were staring at her from two theman, inquiringly. saite corners. Mr. Coggleshall led the re-tic young lady out of the room; and, after plied Mr. Coggleshall, while we all listened a short struggle, he put the two animals to with interest.

"Oh, I do," returned the young lady, in a least septuress manner. "I think they were halo !" I think they were halo !" I think they were halo !" Bo you know, Mrs. Coggleshall," said Mrs. dew suddenly in, and nearly knocked her down

Two other visitors arrived before we set down to dinner—the Misses Telbury, unidentified, living on their property; and, at last, after many difficulties in the series of vanits which did duty for the kitchen, the great mea of the day was served at exactly half-past eight P. N., railway time. The report was pla-but ample—baroulal, in fact, and satisfacts enough, in its way; but the for concents in its way; but the nectuan and concentrate thought proper to wait at table wrapped up as if prepared for a long journey outside a coach. The dress first estight my eye, but I asid nothing; and then it caught my

eye, but I and nothing; and then it caught my husband's eye, who said a great deal. "John Thomas and James William," Mr. Coggleshall shouted across the table, "I what is the meaning of this?"

There was a little hesitation. Then the foot man, aithough the junior, put himself forward to speak.

"I knows what it is, sir, to which you clude but roomatis is a thing that will come to usall eir, sooner or later, an' it's wrong, it is, to sty in the face of Providence.

This speech produced a sympathetic g from Mr. Crowcomb; but it only enraged Coggleshall still further.

"Take of that comforter, John Thomas," h said, "directly; and that ridiculous overcon and you, James William, either make yours a Christian waiter, or leave the work to John Thomas. You're not driving the Carlisle Highfiyer against a north wind !

"Werry well, sir," replied the coachman, "if you wish it; but goin' hout o' this warm room-which passidges-" which warm it is, compared with thee

impatient gesture from Mr. Coggleshall stopped any further conversation, and the din

During the afternoon the wind had shifted round to the north, and our position was no protection against the keenness of the blast. our screen from the south, composed of the bleak hills before mentioned, was perfect; but from the east and the north we had scarcely the shelter of a blade of grass. Leaving the banqueting hall, as it is called, to go across the dark passage to that other tunnel fitted up room, we all feft that the tw nen-servants were not so very much to blame.

wake to fresh troubles the next morni Everybody had, of course, heard strange and unearthly noises during the night, (the howling of the wind along the tunnels and pasplaints when we met at breakfast. The two Misses Tutbury had been horrifed by discovering a large owl standing calmly before their toilet glass on their dressing table. Unlike Miss Gushington with the bat, they were strongminded enough to drive it away with an open Both Mrs. Gushington and daughter were a little pinched up with cold, and a trifle-just a trifle-less enthusiastic.— Mr. and Mrs. Crowcomb were, of course, sulky, especially Mr. Crowcomb, who had shouted for one hour in vain for chaving water in his lofty chamber in the battlements, there being no bells or communications between any two parts of the building. We had to apologize for many small short-comings at the breakfast-table,— Our letters, which came to us very late, contained apologies for being unable to accept our from many gent we had calculated upon as beaux for the ladies This is always the case in all parties, whether in town or country; and one note from Mr. Hal Fresco was particularly vexing to poor Mariana (Miss Gushington), who I know had come for the express purpose of meeting him at the castle.

The county paper contained the following paragraph, which Mr. Coggleshall read to us RUBBLE CASELE,-We are glad to learn that this interesting, ancient, historical, and local Norman relic, has passed into the hands of Udolpho Coggleshall, Esquire, a gentleman of enlarged views and ample property, in whom we hope to see those baronial glories revived which have so long lain dormant under the icy

manners of the late uncongenial proprietor. I think my husband felt a little pride at this paragraph; and, if so, it was soon checked by ocipt of a very large claim for poor-rates, which came among the letters.

"A most unjust assessment," he exclaimed. and I shall certainly appeal against it. One hundred and twenty nounds for recoveries! to say something disrespectful of the place,

"Ah !" replied old Mr. Crowcomb, taking up the conversation, "I thought as much; I thought as much. If you will be a baron, Cog- old gentle

gleshall, you'll find you must pay for it!" We passed the short day in viewing what little was to be seen in the surrounding country; made a pilgrimage to the nearest towna very poor place in appearance—and returned to the Castle early in the afternoon. When we arrived in front of the drawbridge, we noticed two persons in long beards and German hats mt points, and we thought we saw a photographic apparatus moving off in the distance. A stout, elderly geutleman, in a white necktie, with several other gentlemen of equal age, but of very unequal size, were standing near the place. When Mr. Coggleshall made the necessry signal to the warder, the stout gentleman, who appeared to be the elected spokesman of the party, advanced, and

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the new proprietor of this noble relig?"

"I am the present proprietor," returned my

Sussex, or B division of the British Archeole gical Association," continued the stout centle man, who paused for a reply.

"It is a proud, but an onerous position of the room, and staring wildly at two which you occupy," continued the steut gen

"When I say proud," returned the stort gentleman, "I mean in owning the roof which once sheltered the great Bufus (called Rufus the pug-need) after the siege of Madport; when I say onerona, I mean in reference to what you may do with that roof."

A murmur of approbation ran through the committee, or deputation, at this speech; and tall gestlemen stooped to whiteper to short gen-tlemen, while short gentlemen stretched them-

scives to whisper to tall gentlemen.
"I suppose," replied my husband, "that I have the usual liberty to deal as I like with my

'No, sir; pardon me;" returned the sto gentleman, very excitedly, "not exactly so in this case. If I may be allowed the expression, your country has an historical lien upon these sallowed walls, and we wait upon you, as ne injury in your hands."

"Then, sir," replied my husband very coelly, esociation you so ably represent, I must de-

"You are not the possessor of a vulgar house," returned the stort gentleman, with much energy; "you are the recipient of a sacred trust. Remove but one brick of that trust,—desecrate but one stone,—and the voice of civilized Europe will be raised in one univer sal yell of indignation against you !"

The drawbridge, governed by the feeble and ancient warder, had by this time descended

showly to its place, and we prepared to cross it.

"Good day," said my husband, turning
pelitely to the stout gentleman, and the deputation, who seemed to be astonished at the unsatisfactory result of their spokesman's tact and

"Good day, sir." replied the stout gentle man, raising his hat with dignity. "Remem your trust; the eyes of your country-o the Archaeological Association-are upon you.

We were disappointed upon our return at no finding an expected visitor, Mr. Coggleshall, senior, the father of my husband. He had written to say he would arrive at the railway station by a certain train, and we had sent the an over with a carriage to meet him The train arrived, but no Mr. Coggleshall, and the servant had come back as he went.

day before, except that one of the maids had to wait in the place of John Thomas, the footman, who had gone to bed with a violent cold and face-ache. The soup was greasy, and the meat was half raw, for the cook had become more re bellious, having been without any authoritative even a little colder than the last, and we re tired to our stony chambers, if anything a lit-

In the morning, the first thing that met ny eye, as I looked somewhat early out of our window, which commanded a view of the sare country in front of the castle, was a shab by four-wheeled fly, standing immediately op posite the postcullis entrance on the outer side of the most. Near the fly was a bony horse, endeavoring to graze, and a shabby groom try ing to warm himself by damcing, and flinging his hands under his arm-pits. Presently an old gentleman put his head out of the window of the fly, and I at once recognised Mr. Coggle-shall, senior. I called my husband, and, by the time he reached the window, his father, who was very stout had with some difficulty reached the ground, and began to make signs lowards the castle. Semething struck us both, seeing the horse disengaged from the vehicle. that Mr. Coggleshall, senior, had passed the night in front of the most, being unable to make the old warder hear. We at once hastened down to the cell or lodge, and aroused the venerable servant, who was still sleeping oundly, dreaming, perhaps, of the glories of the past. Mr. Coggleshall, who is rather impatient, having assured his father through speaking-trumpet that his presence was observed, very foolishly ventured to try his hand at the portcullis. Neither he nor the old warder was able to move it. They both struggied hard; but the more they struggled, firmer the old barrier kept its place. It soon became evident that some hours might slapse before the passage would be again pened; and in the meantime Mr. Coggleshall. enior, who was, no doubt, tired out with vaiting all night, would lose all patience at any further delay. My husband conveyed the melancholy intelligence to his exhausted pa-rent through the speaking-trumpet, and re-under pecuniary difficulties, any helpless sick of others the article in question. rent through the speaking-trumpet, and reof which was eked out by unmistakable ges-Why, what on earth do they reckon the rent tures of indignation. In this position the idea senior, might be hauled through the window by which Alexander and little Waddles got into the dry part of the most.

The proposal having been made to the old gentleman, he seemed reluctantly to give his consent, and walked to the point indicated by his son. He got down the outer bank of the most, and crossed it with some difficulty, and then came the all-important and heavy task of hanling him up to the

By this time most of our visitors had joined us; and the general opinion seemed to be that he was a very large and heavy man, and that when elevated to a level with the small slit of a window hole, he would never be able to someon pease, the purple face of Mr. Coggleshall, senior, was seen through the aperture : and it was evident to all that he could be hauled no further in that direction.

"Udelpho," said Mr. Coggleshall, senior, with as much indignation as he could com-mand in his peculiar position, "what is this?" you," replied my husband, with sorrow and humiliation-

"Kept out all night," interrupted Mr. Coggleshall, senior; "and now drawn up by a mmon rope to a rat-hole! Try a crane, sir, for your father. Try a crane !"

Thomas felt at this moment, caused him to let go his hold upon the rope; and the loss of support sent Mr. Coggleshall, senior, gliding

tion of the neighboring town.
It was several hours after this event before the pertcullis was again raised, my husband standing by in a fretful temper all the while. The first use he made of his freedom was to take a herse, and gallop after his father. was quite dusk when he returned; but the old gentleman was not with him, having started for London by another road. He had missed the station when he came down by going to sleep in the carriage, and had had to retrace his lost ground by an up-train. This brought him to the required point at a late hour of the night, and he had hired a fly to bring him over to the castle. When he arrived in front of the most, everything was perfectly still; and, as both he and the driver could find nothing but very small stones to throw at the portcullis, they failed to arouse the old warder, and had to encamp for the night. He positively refused

to be reconciled to his son until he took steps to dispose of his barbarous legacy. "Which," said my husband, "I have deternined to do; for, though an Englishman's house may be his castle, an Englishman's castle will not do for his house.

AN ADVENTURER IN EGYPT.

On my arrival at Alexandria, in the spring of 1855, I found the whole town up in and clamorous about the exploits and deeds of Austria, but who had been settled in Egypt for some years past, during which interval, until his recent apprehension, he had enjoyed the reputation of being an honest, benevolent man, of field sports and all kinds of public amus-

Signor Chevico-for so was this styled—had made his appearance at Alexan-dria, from the decks of one of the monthly steamers, and had come supplied with a pro-perly vised passport, which purported to rent him as an opulent jeweller of som city in Austria, travelling for pleasure and the enefit of his health. supplied with a plentiful sum of ready cash, sides letters of credit to some considerable amount, and this at once proved a passport to the hearts of Alexandrian tradespeople and the halls of Alexandrian aristocrats. He landed halls of Alexandrian aristocrats. He landed and took possession of his suite of apartments his consul, and was charmed at his reception. He visited at the bank and displayed his authority to draw. The bankers were delighte and honored by his acquaintance. The knowedge of his wealth and importance spread with telegraphic speed from house to house, and the fame of the stranger was established.

Merchants on change, deeply engrossed with parcantile speculations, paused on the very brink of positive bargains, to inquire who that elegant looking stranger was that had just ridden by on a magnificent palfry. At coffee in private homes, soor, old and young, Greek and Jew, Arab and Turks, surmises were rife as to the object and intentions of Signor Chevico's visit. Matrimonial speculations were rife (for it was ascertained that the stranger was a bachelor), and match making mammas rivalled each other in

Chevico really was of handsome face and person, of courtly manners and address. He dressed simply, but elegantly, and his Wellingtons were the envy of all the Alexandrian dandies. The old Pasha at his durbah would stroke his beard and pronounce Chevico's steed the best in Egypt after his own. In short, from highest to lowest, this wenderful stranger was the theme of much conversation, comment, jealousy, quarrel, or admiration.— He was a rich man, and that, perhaps, was the

keystone of his greatness.

Months rolled by and things settled down into their old monotony again. Chevico had purchased himself a splendid villa on one of the most picturesque spots about the banks of the Nile near the aristocratic quarter, and he was with tailors and boot-makers, but what estab lished his reputation more than anything else was his great liberality and benevolence. supplying needful garments or nourishing food, but there he stood, a convicted, system friendly, affectionate, sympathising visits, did Chevice reap golden opinions, and

It is well known that Alexandria and Smyrn

are the two great resorts of all the vagabonds peared to hold, had screened him to the very and vagrants who have been expelled or hav fled their native country for crimes whose catalogues would be fearful to recount; amongst se refugees, of course, there are many wh for solely political motives have been cor to seek a refuge in any country that will harbor them. It was a very curious thing, but then people attributed it to pity, that Chevico betowed great charity and much pains upon this him always two stout chests, suppos class. His whole retinue of domestics, to the tain wearing apparel, &c., but in reality filled exclusion of all natives, was composed of this with rubbish; they were receptacles for the class. By exerting his influence with one merchant or another, with tradesmen or wealthy native residents, even with the Vicercy him self, he had contrived to find employm some scores of what he termed these misrable duct and bearing were irreproachable; in every case almost they managed to ingratiate them-selves with their employers, so that at the end of a year or eighteen months unlimited conf. dence was placed in these refugees, and one or A sudden twings of the face-ache, which John | two barsh people felt secret segr had entertained different opinions of these arilas

Two more years passed, and in that interval a change came over the aspect of affairs in "That he was not perfectly certain from Alexandria. The chowash bankes, or head of which of Noah's three sons he was descend We rushed to the battlements, and saw him | the Pasha's police, was fit to go crasy from the | ed.'

inciting the shabby groom to put the horse in the fly as quickly as possible; and, when the respects and daring rebberies. He had his private was ready he got into it. Without giving one look towards the eastle and his position relative, he drove away in the direction of the most but they were hooted at both by giving one look towards the eastle and his position relative, he drove away in the direction. It was a vary remarkable thing, he observed, It was a very remarkable thing, he observe that at several low taverns in the Greek qua ter these refugees daily assembled, gambling for and spending more money than their salaries amounted to in a dozen years. He was positive of this, but he had no convin proof, and then what upoet his opinion was the singular circumstances that all the robberies committed had consisted in plate or jewelry, On not one occasion had money been abstracted. In a small place like Alexandria, it was next to impossible to dispose of things so costly, or to do so without detection. As to exporting them, the chowash bashee dreamt of such a thing being feasible.

Every merchant or private family that had been robbed caused all their employes to be subjected to immediate and rigorous search, but never with any satisfactory result; and from week to week the robberies became more and more frequent and alarming. Signo: Chevico himself had been victimized (at least, so he gave out.) to the extent of a thousand so he gave out,) to the extent of a thomand pounds; and a poor Greek widow, who, with her daughter, occupied apartments in one of the central khans (or caravansaries) in the grand square of Alexandria, had what few jewels and plate her husband had left her abstracted during the brief interval she had left the house and gone across the square a marketing with her daughter. On this occasion, however, the thief had not been so dexterous as before, and, to his great delight, the chowash bashee, who was on the spot soon after the alarm was given, picked up an amulet, a simple Greek chain, in a tinsel case, which led to the apprehension of the burglar, who, by the chowash bashee's direction, was followed and apprehended just as he was entering Signor Chevico's gardens.

There was nothing in this to cast a slur upon Chevico—so said the elite of Alexandria. Such was the opinion of the Pasha himself; never-theless that bold man, the chowash bashee, insisted upon Chevico's house being guar whilst Chevico stormed and raved at the in-sult. He was advised, however, by his consul, to submit to the outrage, and then, when things were cleared up, get this saucy Arab summarily bastinadoed and imprisoned.

The detected burglar (who was one of the refugees in the employment of the widow's next door neighbor,) was carried off to the police station and there examined. The whole of the stolen plate and jewelry were found upon him; and, more than this, a bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglar's tools. The man could not for a moment deny the theft, but he stoutly denied that anybody else was acquainted with, or interested in, the robbery.

In Turkey and Egypt they resort to other modes than those practised in England, and the wretched malefactor in this case was sub-jected to such fearful torture that he finally, and when almost at the last gasp, acknowledged to all the facts, and revealed the parties connected with him, and where a

clue might be obtained. With a grim smile of satisfaction on his swarthy face, the chowash bashee mounted his horse, and followed by a troop of police, armed to the teeth, he rode into Chevico's compound, and very unceremoniously entered his oblef sitting room. Of course, a violent struggle ensued, but Chevico and his servants were soon disarmed and pinioned. Meanwhile the various consuls had been summoned to assemble there without delay, and they came in all haste and in all the dignity of diplomatic coats and cocked hats, mentally consocting fulminating despatches and protestations, to be hurled at the head of the unhappy chowash bashee, who

had grossly insulted the whole community. Now, in Chevico's chief sitting-room, in addition to much other costly and valuable furniture, there was a splendid crimson velvet divan, which went around three sides of the room. Ruthlessly displacing these, and pitching them into the centre of the room, in the presence of the assembled dignitaries, the police came upon a rough, unpolished structure, like a common deal box, which had supported the seats, cushions, and covering of the divan. This was demolished with an axe; duly recognized and admitted as a member of and when, after a sturdy resistance, the upper Alexandrian hast ton. He was a second D'Orsay planking gave way, there came to light such an assortment of goods as caused an exclamation of surprise from every one present.

"Why, that's my watch," quoth Chevico's own consul, selecting from some score or two able to get employment? only let Chevice hear third shouted at the recovery of some favorite of the case and his purse-strings were loosed old gift ring. There was, in truth, jewelry and immediately. Not only by gifts of money, by plate enough to constitute Chevico a jeweler,

On due investigation it came out that this he was in the acme of his fame when we leave | man had come to Egypt for the specific purpose him for a time to see what is going on else of organising a regular band of burglars, and where. The position he took up, and ap-Alexandria. last from any suspicion; and his own house having been the receptacle of stolen goods, etely out of the threw the police comple Periodically, at a certain season of the year, a man of gentlemanly exterior, calling himself Chevico's partner, would land at Alexandria, and spend a fortnight or so, and then return again to his own country. He brought with best part of the year's spells, and conveyed them to European markets, to be broken up and disposed of there, Chevico setting to work afresh to fill up the vacuum by fresh burg

> He was convicted, and sent to his country to be tried, leaving behind an unenviable no riety of having been the most consummate but gentlemanly scoundrel on earth or Egypt.

me Peter Chastel was one of the most arned divines of the sixteenth century. He was bishop of Orleans, and great aimoner of France. Francis I. asked him "Whether he was born a gentleman ?" Chastel answe

THE OTHER SIDE

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POR THE SAWEDAY SYREDS FOR

It has been most unficilingly dinned in our ears
By fathers and husbands, for several years,
That all of the trying commercial distresses
Are due to our love of extravagant drasses,—
Our sweet little bonnets, and darling French col-

And India showle that cost hundreds of dollars. The editors, too, who are thought to be knowing Have filled many columns with lucidly showing That there is not a girl who is fit for a wife, Or who does not make dressing the chief and o

Who opens a book that is not a romance, Or knows that plum-puddings don't come here by

I have thought of it all till my spirit grew warm.

And resolved that one triffer, at least, should reform;

So I said to Kate Somers, my intimate friend. The very next party that we shall attend, I mean to go simply and neatly attired, And he by all sensible people admired— And how it will please dearest Harry to see That gifter and show are not cared for by me; you know though be's clever and charming

(That's why he has never proposed, I am sure)— I shall mix with these choice intellectual spirits Who complain that we fall to discover their me-

Kate said, with a smile, that was much like a

"You are perfectly welcome to try it, my dear." Occasion soon effered; within a few days Mrs. Bullion gave one of her charming socrees; And a wrenth of pale roses to place in my hair, (All very becoming, indeed, I declare;) Yet I felt rather odd when I entered the rooms, Glittering with spiendor and sweet with po I sank on a sofa, all worried and heated, And keard a gay party, who near me were seated, Whisper, in accents not meant for my ear, "How oddly she dresses!" "How silly!" "How

queer!"
But imagine, I pray you, my just indignation,
When Kate Somers' voice said, "It's all affects

Non; She thinks, you must know, this new eccentricity Will be called by the gentlemen, charming sim-

'plicity."
But the greatest by far of my trials that night, That put all my seal for reforming to flight, Was my sorrow and mortification to see My own Harry firting with Rosamond Lee, Who shone on that evening in laces and pearls, And ribbons and founces, the gayest of girls. Yet she cannot tell how our Republic is bounded, By whom it is geverned, or when it was founded. She knows quite enough though to win admiration From those who talk most of the mind's cultiva-

For with all their fine speeches men show by their

actions.
That Mammon for them has superior attractions.
It is followed, caressed, and flattered and fried.
While intellect waits, unadmired and unuated.
How are we to break through the chains that have

bound us, Without one helping hand from the strong ones

around us?

While we our best moments to Folly are giving.

Pray how are our mascalline satirists fiving?

In fine, I must beg from yourself and all others,

Some attention in future bestowed on our bro-

And trust when the foibles of Fashion are shown, They will not be those of one gender alone. Louisville, Ku. A. B. AND

THE EBONY CASKET. FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNESS.

IN POUR PARTS .- PART III. WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

I sat again in my quiet little chamber that overlooked the Rhine. But my eyes did not privation. Now he gained a scanty subsist-linger now idly on the red roofs of the village, once by writing, while he pursued his study but looked far off in the blue distance, towards the south, for they could trace there the white winding road that led to Diensdorf. And there Margaret. Late in the autumn of the third was now the one object of living interest to me in this land of strangers—my poor blind child,

Margaret.

After she had parted from 6:lbert on that terrible morning, they had never met again .- went dancing through the dark haits of the con-He had sent to her a letter urging her to still fulfill the broken contract; but even in the oldest and gloomiest of the sombre nuns gath-pleadings he used, could be seen the deep, unmerable dread and dislike which had overshe sank into a low fever, from which she rose a warning giance from Mrs. Vicars would throw bringing with him letters from a celebrated could be I almost feared to hear, for I had a scribed their intended journey. So the day physician of Diensdorf.

That there was any possibility of the ulti- impending over Margaret. It came at last. mate restoration of her sight, he gave us but One bright November evening I had ridden little reason to hope, but urged her immediate over to Diensdorf. I found Margaret and Amy removal to the Convent of St. Ursula, in that in the convent garden, in Margaret's favorite her, she could be taught how best to dispense | head resting on her knee, softly stroking back would demand, and was almost more than with the sense she had lost. There were then the ringlets of paly gold. Amy was quieter Margaret could endure. The evening came on, no asylums for the blind. This oculist, whose than usual. The auxious, perplexed look was raw and ookd. We gathered around the cheerfame had attracted patients from every part of desper on her face. The distant vesper hymn ful fire in the little inn parior. The red flames this convent, and, with the aid of the nuns, ears, and we grew gradually silent. Mrs. shut out the wintry night, and the curiously had for years been endeavoring to devise some Vicars even stopped her eternal low monotone, carved oak tables and chairs. For a time no method of replacing the lost power. That he but did not seem to feel the holy hush that sound was heard except the wild mouning of Gilbert turned to Amy with some indifferent never succeeded in doing this, as others did his benevolent heart.

tioned Gilbert's name, nor did she ever seem away. I felt that their accret, whatever it one of the songs which had been her sisto expect that he would again urge on her the might be, was about to be disclosed, and look- ter's favorrites in the years long past. I saw renewal of their betrothal. She knew, as did ed to the poor blind girl. There was an ex- poor Margaret clench her fingers together, I, the morbid poculiarity of the man's nature, which made him shrink instinctively from any there. The far-off plaintive strain had brought ing up suddenly, caught Gilbert Hair-quiet village of Dienadorf. My engagement light wreaths of smoke told of a cottage hid ledge of this that had induced the poor child smalle to her lips. Amy was watching her, too. lip. I could scarcely restrain my anger. Phisolog to conceal her misfortune, and had God forgive me if I looked at her bright, levely lip's look of mingled contempt and hate was after counting the cost, and taking a survey of to accompany her sister, but Margaret gently

"It must not be," she said to me; " no one

Nor was it possible that even the partis emfort of my sympathy should be granted her nstantly. My own wearisoms duties prevent-my seeing her but seldom.

I do not wish to dwell upon these first years that passed slowly over Margaret's head—how slowly, her own sick heart kept count with every throb of pain. The feded form and whiening lip only told how deep the wound had been; always with the same meek, humble step she passed through the long dim corri-ders of the convent, her sightless eyes closed, and her hand outstretched before her, or sat under the thick shade of the lindens in the orden hour after hour, the glimmering sha garden hour area mean to guarantee in dow and sunshine playing over her white-robed figure. When she was spoken to, she answered with a cheorful smalle, and then sat silent again, as if listening. Listening for what !hours and days and years to hear! Without passed, allently, heavily; of long nights, when she was left alone with her blindness and utter solitude, none knew; when the morning came her paler cheek teld of bitter conflicts with he own soul, of upbraiding prayers to the Hand that had laid this heavy affliction on her, of im patient, restless, vain repining. But Time, that stupefies, if it does not kill every pain as well superies, if it does not kill every pain as well as every pleasure, did its work, and there fol-lowed a time of weary exhaustion, of uncom-plaining patience. There is such a period in the life of every woman whom God thinks worthy to suffer deeply. An hour of gray, im movable twilight, after the one flerce storm of down in a dull torpor, with no feeling left save a dim terror lest the sharp pain may waken again. Perhaps the eyes that now care leasly scan these lines can look back to such an hour, known only to God and the suffe An hour when she summoned all the strength that Beligion, Pride or Will could give—and found it all too weak to support one moment more of effort. Yet the moment came—and was gone, and the effort was made, and custon and habit gave a courage to endure.

"Verschmersen," exclaims Schiller's no-blest hero, in the hour of poignant anguish, "Verschmersen werde ich diesen Schlag, das weise ich," and then comes the bitter, yet how true conclusion, "Dome, was verschmertze nicht der menech?" I knew, as I looked at Marga-ret, that some day the time for awakening from the lethargy would come. I knew the stinging pain for her as well as others would pass, the weary aching cease, and the heart would not break, but through years of suffer-ing would grow numb and cold and selfish, er would quicken again into strength and kind-liness, if not love. Yet I felt that the change with her would be long in coming. Other wo-men are roused by occupation and the thou-sand excitements which surround them; she was shut in by her blindness on her own thoughts. If, I thought, she could only see Gilbert Hairstone in the light in which I was learning to see him! Since the day of her deon, he had never made any effort to restor to her the property which, by that decision, she forfested; nor, indeed, had Amy; but then Amy was but a child, and never, it was probable, had thought of business matters. Marga-ret's annuity from her mother I knew, and I knew that Gilbert was aware of it also, was barely sufficient to support her. She, I do not believe, had ever thought or cared from whence came this fund; for Philip had taken upon himself its care and management. He visited Diensdorf but seldom in these first years; I was learning to alter my judgment of him also. Silent, and apparently cold in his temperament as when a boy, there was something in the man's strength of will and force of character that commanded homage. His struggle with poverty was a hard one. How he had supported himself during his early youth I never knew; Lis face bore traces of the most rigid

of the law with an unwavering energy. At last came the shock that was to rot year after she came to Diensdorf, Mrs. Vicars and Amy arrived to make their annual visit -Never had I seen Amy more lovely than she seemed then, when her light, fairy-like figure vent, or pacing slowly by her sister's side. The presentiment that some new misfortune was passed, and, one by one, each fell into the light

was going to do?

by the hard, unfinehing cruelty, the stemy depths which that moment revealed in the brilliant blue eyes that now were fixed steadily on the blind girl's face. She spoke at last.

following every passing expression on Marga-ret's face, "which was, and is still very dear

epread her face. "What do you mean, Amy?" she whis-

She hurried to say this, half rising from her recumbent position on the ground, and placing her hand on her sister's arm.

"He loves me," said Amy, in a hard, quick tone, "he says..." she paused here, but only for an instant, "he says he always loved me better than all the world beside." A cold shiver

passed over the beut form before her, but she did not pause. "I have promised to marry him, Margaret—in a month from new. He is nothing to you now, Margaret, never can be. Do not look at me so," she cried, shrinking back, for the blind eyes were open and gasing at her with a frightful look of blank terror and pain. "Take your hand from my arm," she almost shricked, angrily shaking off the trem bling grasp. "I am not to blame." She was silent then, for the dumb look of represent and agony was turned away—and the blind girl went slowly, and without a word, back to the

On my return home I found Philip Stamford waiting my arrival.

"Has Margaret heard of Gilbert's approaching marriage?" he asked, without attempting to conceal his agitation. "It is better that it has happened," he said, paoing the room with hurried steps. "She will learn to see him as he is sooper. She must do that sometimes. Surely this cannot last forever."

"Are you going to Diensdorf?" I asked, after a half-hour's stience.

"Not now," he said, doubtfully pausing. "I will return in a few days." He came up, press-

ed my hand warmly, and was gone. I saw it all now, and wondered why I had

not seen it before.

The month passed. Four weeks of sickening suspense even to me. Then came the news of the wedding, that with all due form and pomp had taken place. Margaret heard the letters in silence; no word escaped her to show what or how deeply she felt. from Mrs. Vicars to announce that the bride and groom had started on their continental tour, and in the course of a few weeks would visit Diens dorf to see their dear sister Margaret." I read this to Margaret-and saw her shudder, but she bowed assent. What a heavy, solemn mockery this great etiquette of society is How silently the tragedy of Life goes on beneath its iron net-work of smiles and bows and social greetings. I have seen hearts breaking day by day-the slow, sure death-stabs given to a soul, while the murderer and his victim met with the calm, easy friendliness which "society" demanded. You, reader, have seen the same, though, perhaps, you did not know it, yesterday—and to-day. It is right after all. If there must be a skeleton in every house and heart, let them be decently dressed, not to offend the passer-by. And so one of those scenes of acting transpired when Gilbert and his bride came to see their sister Margaret. If the actors had been imaginary people in a novel there would have been a scene of wild and bitter reproaches, but being simply wellbred people of the nineteenth century, no stranger could have noted any peculiarity in stranger could have noted any peculiarity in the meeting. He might have thought that the blind girl was unusually white and cold, that the blind girl was unusually white and cold, that a him with the shock of the first discovery. ringing laughter. Even Margaret's face grew Philip Stamford, who stood behind her chair, no longer. To this letter Margaret was able to return no less pale and heavy. Yet I could not but watched her with a scrutiny almost angry in answer. The long restraint and struggle had fancy that her childish merriment was forced; proved too much at last for her strength, and her face were constantly a perplexed look, and server, he would have seen on Gilbert Hair stone's face a strange shadow like the scowl of like a shadow. That she should longer remain her into a confused silence. That lady her- an old and crafty man. Amy, like most weak at the Hall, although Gilbert was absent, was self seemed perpetually to be laboring under impossible. Fhilip Stamford, who had for sethe consciousness of some mighty secret which her case, gossipped about the wedding feetiving in Him, and I have faith in this, he added. Possed, and spring was giving way to summer. veral weeks been on the Continent, returned, she dreaded might suddenly escape. What it ties, the news from Hairstone Hall, and de

dark tide of feeling beneath was untouched. next morning Gilbert and his bride were to village, where, if his skill could not restore deat beneath the lindens. She sat with Amy's leave. One day's stay was all that propriety deeveral incurable cases in from the chapel convent came faintly to our flickered over the coarse, crimson curtains that Philip was shaken. He placed the vase in its nful or repulsive. It was her know- the tears to her eyes, and an unwonted, gentle stone's eye fixed on her. I turned to Phi- with the daughter of Baron Steinfeld termina- among the trees; the slow gliding river sent

noner current of conversation, and the deep,

for an instant, he returned, and placed on the table a small, dark cheet.

"What have you there," said Amy, "my brids present, Philip?"

"An old relie, which perhaps you will remember," he answered. "An heirloom for which I have a fancy, and from which I never part. But as I am askly deficient in regard to the knowledge of its history, I am going to ask for information from your husband." for information from your husband.

ehest the ebony caske'. I saw the old shadow en Gilbert's face—but it vanished, and, in cold, cautious tones, he said, steeping forward, as I o examine it,

"I remember it well. The bugbear of my childhood? But why," he asked, with a sharp glance at Philip, yet in the same tone, tracing the carving with his finger, "why do you come to me for information?"

"Only," said he, "In regard to one part of its history. The night of your Uncle Hair-

He stopped for a moment, looking still in the

other's face.
"Go on," said Gilbert, sinking back again indolently.

"Why will you recall such dreadful remem-braness, Philip," fretfully exclaimed Amy. He did not heed her, nor removed his eye an instant from the cold, guarded face before him.
"On that night," he resumed, in a slow, distinct tone, "your uncle revealed to me the secret of my birth; the proofs were in that

ebony casket." "Did you find them there !" asked Gilbert.

"That the carket contained them at the time
"That the carket contained them at the time
Mr. Mairstone made to me the discovery, I
never have doubted," Philip answered, firmly.

'It was opened when I found it on the floor of the library, and it was in the effort to protect it, that your uncle was murdered."

The cold eye of the listener never faltered,

though his very lips turned white. Heedless of Margaret's startled cry, he remained silent in instant, and then said, mockingly,

"Your charge is a grave one. Whom do you accuse at once of robbery and murder?" "I accuse no one. I leave the proof of my assertion to God. I can bring none."

"Then," resumed the other, in a light triumphant tene, "why do you suggest to us subjects which I agree with Amy in thinking are exceedingly unpleasant? It is bad taste, Philip, of which I should not have thought you capable. My own opinion is that my uncle's mind was in too weak a state to permit any sane person to credit his assertions up-on that night. Why have you never asserted your belief as to your real name and position, whatever you think it to be, before now? Why have you never brought forward this charge against whoever you consider guilty until to

Philip's eyes left (eilbert's face for the first time, and rested on Margaret with a look of infinite tenderness and pity. When he spoke had cost him long years of study to make a moment with a stunned look of dult pain. his voice trembled.

useless to speak of that now, I shall be silent

"You threaten, sir," said Gilbert rising. "I understand you. But evidence more tangible shall fear your claims.'

"The evidence will come in God's good in Him, and I have faith in this," he added, touching the motto on the vace-"THE POWER SHALL BE WE'D THE RIGHT."

"Philip," exclaimed the other, suddenly, "I swear by this fated urn," laying his hand We were in the little inn at Diensdorf. The that I am innecent of the crime at which you on it, "and by the God to whom you appeal, darkly hint. If those proofs exist, they are not known to me. Do you doubt me!" He turned fearlessly towards him.

weight of conviction to even my mind. Even case slowly and doubtfully.

"I leave it to time." he said, quietly ; and method of replacing the nost power. That he never succeeded in doing this, as others did who lived soon after him, was not the fault of his benevolent heart.

but did not seem to feel the noty hush that sound was neard except the wind, and the duit ticking of the Dutch wind, and the du We took Margaret there. She never menoned Gilbert's name nor did she over sense.

We took Margaret there. She never menoned Gilbert's name nor did she over sense.

Which would detain him strangely assorted party separated, never to purpose to the power which would detain him strangely assorted party separated, never to purpose to the power sense. meet again on earth.

PART IV.

oome to wound the helpless girl as I felt she eyes met; and while the joyous carol of the at last arrived when I could venture to carry home from pasture.

Swiss scog filled the air, the two stood silently into execution a long cherished project. It was "It looks like a se

"Lishen," she said, and jorded the fall for the terms of the vision of the said and jorded the fall for the terms of the said and jorded the fall for the terms of the said and jorded the fall for the terms of the said and jorded the fall for the terms of the said and jorded the fall for the terms of the said and jorded the fall for the terms of the said and jorded the fall for the said t sunlight that lit with a blaze of glory the wide spread valley of the Rhine, lingured on no more chaerful spot than our home looking table, with its glittering white cups, the snowy bread and golden butter, and crimson fruit smethered in cream. Philip, for Philip was there, glanced around with a rare look of satisfaction. "Remember," I said, as I proceeded rather awkwardly in my unusual occupation of ma-king tea, "remember, Philip, that is your chair whenever you honor Diensderf with your presence."

presence."
"I shall claim your hospitality oftener than
you imagine," he said, "I too am going to
make a change. I am coming to make Diensderf my home." He looked at Margaret as he spoke.

"I am glad, Philip," she said, but so care leasly did she say it that I hastened to try and cover her indifference by the warmth of my reply. But the shadow was on his face, and rested there until we parted for the night. So our new life began. It was long before

amount of sewing that required my time in the mornings;—after our mid-day meal there was the daily walk to take, for we began a thorough exploration of Dieusdorf and its environs. Then Margaret undertook the care of (iretchen's education, and a hopeless task she found it. She revived, too, her old love of music, and passed many an hour that might have fallen back into the old apathy in trying vainly to bring sweet sounds from the old harpsichord that was our only instrument. But evening was the crowning point of the day.
Philip was then, and for the first time I learned to know and value him aright. I was every day astonished more and more by the depth and extent of his knowledge, and by the strong, original views he took of life and the world around him. He read aloud to us every evening—and I soon perceived the secret mo-tive that prompted his choice of subjects. They were such as would open new vistas of thought and away from the morbid reflection of her peculiar trials on her own mind, and give her deeper and wider hopes and beliefs. Margaret had never loved knowledge for its own sake when a child she had studied to excel, because it would please those she loved, and as a woman forgotten all else in him. Now the long sleeping energies of her mind awoke, and in the hope to fill up the great void in her life she eagerly grasped at this new light that shone in on her. No ambitious aspirant for the world's honors ever devoted themselves to study with more feverish eagerness than did poor Marga-ret whose only hope was to forget. And own, led her on, step by step, each day un-folding some new truths, with all the patience "No clear. Poor Philip-blind, blind! He could and then turned abruptly, and was gone.

than boastful assertions are needed before I blushing shyness—that the gratitude was only she did not speak, I know each hour of the day could she then, I thought, take this new per- herself. enit of knowledge in lies of all oles! Was the Alsont a month after Philip's departure a so unlike every other woman as to be able to letter arrived from Hairstone Hall. It was from state the unecasing cry of the heart "to love" Mrs. Vicars, detailing the events of the past by teaching it how "to know."

apparent earnestness and sincerity carried a patches they were usually; heard by Margaret she proceeded to say, "it was the wish of always in perfect silence, for she never now mentioned Gilbert's nor Amy's name. She dient and proper to herself that Margaret should immediately rejoin her sister. So of the hill, and stood in the red sunset glow, vehement, indeed, was Amy's wish to this I followed her. She turned to meet us with a over for her if to other escort could be found." smile. Philip was unusually pale that day : I A line from Amy ended the letter, written in an knew that he was going soon to start upon a almost illegible scrawl. She said, "I know, perhaps for months, but had not told Marga- once, and stay with me; I am so miserable and ret. I looked down from the little plateau lonely." I read it all to her. where we stood, at the quiet landscape beneath, "I will go, aunt Courtney," she said with-From that day a new life began for us in the embosomed in green bills. Here and there the out an instant's doubt; "if Amy needs me, I

"It looks like a scene in Arcadia," I said. little. She of course could not write to me,

"Margaret, I, too, was an Arcadian!" A dreamy surprise covered her face. For the first time in her life, I believe, she thought of what he was or had been, other than the cold recognition she had given him as a kind and tender friend. She looked up now with a

and tender friend. She looked up now with a childish sort of wonder, and said, simply, "You have had a hard life, poor Philip!— when did you lose your dream of happiness, as it must be lost, the poet says?" She smiled sadly, and scarcely seemed to wait for his answer, falling back into her own

reverie.
"I have not lost it, Margaret," he said, in a

"I have not lost it, Margaret," he said, in a low tone, that forced her to look up. "I have kept my dream of Arcadia since I was a boy, deep hidden in my heart, through all these years of toil, and hard, bitter struggle. It has given me life, strength, Margaret—strength to hear pain and disappointment and poverty, al-most starvation. I have kept it, clung to it; I vowed that it should be realized, here in this life!—I vowed to conquer my faie! But there we ceased to find something to alter and amend life !— I vowed to conquer my fate! But there in our domain; then I discovered a vast are times when the truth is forced on me that my hope has been in vain—that even this one bright dream of life, the only one I have che-rished, will be taken from me!"

He paused. She stood still, silent, in a wondering amazement.

"Margaret; it is from you the words must come that will make my dream a reality. You can give to me the Arcadia where every living soul dwells for a little time, but where my step has never entered."

"I, Philip!" She put her hand on his arm, pale, bewildered.

"Come to me," he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of passion, the pent-up feelings of years breaking forth in one wild cry; "come to me, my poor blind darling. You have suffered, and I have suffered with you. I have watched you since we were children; all the time you loved another. And I knew all the time that you ought to be mine; that here was your rightful place of rest-here, on my heart, Marand feeling to Margaret, would draw her out garet. I am strong, Margaret; my great love shall so enfold and shelter you, that no pain nor cold shall ever touch you more. Come to me, Margaret, Margaret." He opened his arms. She turned white and trembling away.

"Never, never," she said in a whisper. Then with a sudden burst of tears and sobse she had made Gilbert Hairstone her world, and she cried, "oh, my God, save me from this temptation, keep me true to him I first loved. true to myself.

Phillip drew back. "You love him still than? You love that man !"

She did not answer for a minute. " tio, Philip," she said; "I dare not forget him; he was all I ever knew of good. He may have been false, but I will be no traitor. Go; God Philip, with an eagerness almost equal to her forgive me for giving you pain, but I did not

"No, Margaret," he said bitterly, "you

to nee his retreating figure.

take the place of all she had lost, that the Day after day passed, and Philip's name was eager thanks with which she bade him good- never mentioned. I tried to fill his place by night each esening were accompanied by no reading and walking with her; but although gratitude—and though the ideal hero she had how much she missed him. Insensibly to worshipped so iong perhaps was shattered, no both, he had become associated with every Margaret was changed, her steps had grown first time in her life she grew impatient and firmer, her cheek wore an unchanging rose, fretful—wearied of her studies, of music, of

spring, and ending with the announcement It was a clear, cool evening in June. The that Amy's health was failing fast, from no dearlessly towards him.

The abruptness of the declaration, and its singing in a low voice to herself. Philip and effect, that Mr. Hairstone himself would come

The summer months crept very slowly by. giancing back the crimson sunlight; no sound I heard from Philip often. He never spoke of broke the stillness but the distant jingle of the Margaret, though in my letters to him I comened her in her resolve. Amy pleaded face with a bitter dislike. Why should she too plain not to be seen by Gilbert. Their my little savings, I concluded that the day had bells, as the herds were winding their way municated every triding item of intelligence I could glean respecting her. That was but

id be learned. Amy was sinking that I know; and in her est ng stranger, a near neighbor of Hairstone Hall, I heard that it ly removed that Amy's illnoss was by the ashishness and unkindness of ad, that their married life had been miarly unhappy one; and so wide-spread pparently truthful were the reports of cruelty, that a general reserve and idness had taken the place of the universal pularity he had possessed when a boy. Of argaret my informant could tell me nothing. get that she never left her sister's side, de-

voting herself entirely to her.

So the year was gone. How lonely and long it was to me, I must not step to tell, for I must

hasten and bring my story to its conclusion.
One cold day in January, I had drawn my selitary chair to the fire, whou Gretchen brought with the evening candies, a letter from and. It was sealed with black. I knew contents before I opened it. "Margare ing home," that was my first thought may Heaven forgive me. "Amy was de Mrs. Vicare said; adding, "a short life, and not a happy one." She herself would leave the Hall as soon as possible—would bring Margaret home to me—as she designed making a short tour of the continent, and could take Dienedorf, on her way." "Poor Amy! And that was all the moun over your grave," ! thought as I folded the letter slowly. OM times rose rapidly before me. Amy as a child, bright and beautiful, I saw, and forgot Amy as a woman, cold and settleh. Then their lives person in alow review before me, with all their ce and change. What effect would these last six months have had upon Margarethad so passionately loved? I had my own sur-mises, and before I rose to begin my preparateceive her, for I knew she would ar rive the next day. I drew my little writingnot to England, but to Paris. Gretchen and I were busy the next day, in arranging our sicile for our long about guest. did not come for several days, however, and then arrived, so pale and weak, in her mourning dress, that I scarcely knew her. For a day or two she lay upon the couch in my room too exhausted to hear or to talk. Then she told me the lang, serrowful story of Amy's sickness and suffering. And she told me, too, with voice that faltered only with anger, of Gilbert's injustice, and slow, constant ernelty to the dying woman. Cured at last, of the long delusion | As time were on, we fell again into our outine of occupation. She never mentioned Philip's name. One day, however, I read to her his letters. She listened eagerly; and, I saw by the painful flushing of her che as I concluded each, noted his silence respecting herself. She said nothing, however; only went to the window with a smothered sigh and returned soon with a sudden burst of unwonted galety.

Meanwhile I waited anxiously for a letter

from him, but he neither came nor wrote. We resumed our old course of reading, and I could not but notice how unconsciously to herself, Philip's taste guided her in her choice of books how every hour she quoted his opinions, with out naming him, nor how deeply she felt the void in her life which his absence created. Why did he not come ! I grew rostloss, impa tient. But the mystery was soon solved.

One evening we walked down through the village with Clara Steinfeld who had been with us all day. She was my favorite pupil, a frank henest hearted German giri-one of the few persons of whom Margaret was not afraid.

As we passed by the river path, where we separated, she said, "I had forgotten to ask you had heard the rumor about your friend Herr Stamford. He is soon to marry an English lady in Paris-very lovely, it is said, and better still, very rich-I have forgotten her

What I stammered in my confusion I do no know, but cutting short our adjeus with Clara-I turned homeward with Margaret. She did home, then seated herself by the fire and re-

"No, Margaret," I answered-yet I spoke

self, and then passing her hands over her own pale face, laughed bitterly, and rising, went to papers-c adder than before

so it was all over. And as I sat sowing, with a most unsteady hand that evening, I grow his amost unsteady hand that evening, I grow his misanthropic and rebellious against the way.

"You are my consin, then, Philip?" said family, and correspondents frequently dided into a deeper quietude. Margaret was nore patient, more gentle than ever before. He assented laughingly, adding.

"And the rightful, legitimate son and being officery proof which the left of George Hairstone, the elder brother who had died in Naples. Every proof which the law could demand was given.

"You are my consin, then, Philip?" said family, and correspondents frequently demonstrated in those directed to him letters for some of his family, but Mr. Jefferson invariantly against the which like assented laughingly, adding.

"And the rightful, legitimate son and second of the family of the family of the family of the family and correspondents frequently effects of the family of the place, and had the postage of all such letters for some of his family, but Mr. Jefferson invariantly against the way.

"And the rightful, legitimate son and hear of George Hairstone, the elder brother who had died in Naples. Every proof which the repair machinery."

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JEFFERSON AND THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE. And the repair machinery."

JEFFER misanthropic and rebellious against the way. law could demand was given. ward turns of fate. After that, our life subsided into a deeper quietade. Margaret was Margaret with a bewildered look. more patient, more gentle than ever before. Here was a weary life; with no hope in the Future; no bright spot in the Past to which Hall, as Gilbert Hairsto

sand touching, helpiess ways to make herself useful.

One evening in November, we had been out walking through the mountain path, until Margaret was weak and exhausted. When we entered the house, she went to her own room, while I opened the door of the sitting-room. The table was arranged for tea with unward care; the silver, only produced on gala days, was displayed with all the state Gretchen could devise—and that bright-eyed damed herself was harrying from cupbeard to kitchen in an alarming state of excitement. I had some the papers in their case and closed the urn, reading in a low voice over to the light could fall favorably upon her closed the urn, reading in a low voice over to thimself the motio, "Tus Powns snatt, as wre was all the state Gretchen could devise—and that bright-eyed damed herself was harrying from cupbeard to kitchen in an alarming state of excitement. I had some the papers in their case and over her beson. The lady sat during the whole evening, by a window opening from a closed the urn, reading in a low voice over to the light could fall favorably upon her closed, for fear that the lace might be injured, or the diamonds ravished from her person.

The Albany (N.Y.) Statemann recounty pave a sketch of an interesting lecture by a blind man, gravely adding, "he spoke without notes."

The Pittafeld (Mass.) Sun says they have had 39 days of uninterrupted good sleighing in Berkshire county, this winter.

Alla, Fuzza, who has lately obtained a divorce from his wife at San Francisco, for creality, vorce from his wife at San Francisco, for creality.

He kined her hand respectfully, and then spite of all my efforts I felt embs

"Are you alone?" I asked, after the first welcome was over. He looked bewildered, and with a nervous hasta, very feelish in a weman of my age, I told him Ciara Steinfeld's story. He listemed in slience, and when I had finished, simply said,

"It is not true," with a sad gravity, that wreyed a tacit reproach to me. We sat down to the table, yet so

gainty was forced. One sentence of Philip's explained all that made me doubt: "I have been in Belgium for two mouths, and only rewas forced. One sentence of Philip's and all that made me doubt: "I have dval your letter a few days ago." After that I sipped my tea with a complete sense of satisfaction. It was a balmy evening, though late in the autumn. So after our evening meal was over, we went into the little garden to show Philip the alterations we had made. He spoke but little to Margaret, and when he did it was with an almost stern reserve. Half way down the hill there was a little fountain—a favorite resort of Margaret's and mine-to which a rocky path led. As we stood by the garden gate I pointed to Philip how red its waters glowed in the zetting sun.

"Let us go down," he said, "and look it the roses I planted there have grown.

Margaret followed us, but slowly. She was deadly pale this evening, but that might only weariness. Her foot caught in a projecting rock, and she mearly fell.

ping, and standing beside her.

"I have learned to do it," she answered, it a bitter tone, the sudden tears springing to her eves. He was silent a moment-pale as deathwith a look of infinite pity and tenderness But the fron will conquered. He drew back to let her pass. "Go on alone then, Margaret, if so you choose."

She turned to him her blind face, pitiful, imploring-and with trembling, entstretched hands, cried, suddenly-Philip, lead me.

I saw him clasp her in his arms with nas sionate eagerness, and then I went back to the fire and Gretchen.

Whether the roses grew by the mountain spring, I never heard; but when they entered, hour afterwards, I saw their flush on Margaret's cheeks, and fancied that Philip had tasted of the waters, and found them those of the fabled fountain of youth.

So they were married-in the little church at Diensdorf-and came to live with me. Two little passages in their lives I must give the reader, and then my story is finished: About two months after the marriage we had gathered around the fire, late one winter's night. In sensibly the conversation had turned upon our old life in Hairstone Hall.

"Where is the mysterious relie, Philip," asked; "the ebony casket, that contains the fate of the Hairstones. He left the room an instant, and returning, brought the dark oaken chest that contained it. Margaret opened it, and placed it on the table. "I have not looked at it for years," he said, "yet foolish as it may seem, my faith in the truth of the old tradition remains unshaken."

Naturally the current of our thoughts ran on in the channel thus opened, and we talked of heirlooms, of prophecies, of ghosts and fulfilled presentiments. Philip was well read in German mysticism, and told tale after tale until the fire burned low. Meanwhile, the strange black urn, with its quaint carving and deep murder stain, formed a fitting accompaniment to the wild visions he conjured up.

Margaret sat beside the table listening, and passing her hand idly over the arabesque carving. ving. Like all blind persons, her sense of touch had grown fine. Suddenly I saw her careless hand pause, and she stooped with an exclamation of surprise over the urn. Philip went towards her, but she did not beed him, but continued with nervous eagerness and flushed cheeks her rapid examination of the carving. At last, she pressed with more force a certain point, and looking up, showed us a cover which had opened, leaving open the lower not speak until we entered the little parlor at part of the urn—then putting in her trembling hand, she dwew out two dusty papers, yellow with age, and gave them to her husband "Aunt Courtney, do you believe it ?" she Philip's hands trembled a little too as he held them to the light. He road them slowly as it seemed to me, and then with a fervent "Thank doubtfully-for I remembered his long silence. God, found at last!" placed them in my hand, Very lovely," she repeated softly to her-and caught Margaret to his heart in a delirium of joy that frightened me. I looked at the face, laughed bitterly, and rising, went to her own chamber. She did not come down for | marriage between George Hairstone and Mand many hours, and when she did her cheeks bore Stamford in Paris-the other a paper signed by traces of tears, and her voice was lower and the late Mr. John Hairstone, declaring Philip Stamford to be the rightful, legitimate son and a most unsteady hand that evening, I grew had died in Naples. Every proof which the

desided in favor of the long-wronged heir.

They did not then immediately take possession of the fluid as plan which it the same moment, came in from an inner seatment.

They did not then immediately take possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which it appears that Mrs. Fuller, whose name is we had often discussed, of a tour through Europe. When they reached Paris, they remained there for several months, why, Philip's he cried, and stopping, leaned painet the wall, trembling and pale.

A Ms. Fullers, who has lately obtained a discussed to the long-wronged heir.

A Ms. Fullers, who has lately obtained a discussed to the middle of the possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which it appears that Mrs. Fuller, whose has lately obtained a discussed to have had good cause for complaint.

When they did not then immediately take possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which it appears that Mrs. Fuller, when has lately obtained a discussed to have had good cause for complaint.

When they did not then immediately take possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which it appears that Mrs. Fuller, whose name is well as the possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which it appears that Mrs. Fuller, whose name is well as the possession of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which it appears that Mrs. Fuller, and whose has lately obtained a discussed to have had good cause for complaint.

Mrs. Fuller, who has lately obtained a discussed to have had good cause for complaint. usual preparations on foot for a feast, when a decided in favor of the long-wronged heir. well-known footstep crossed the verandah, They did not then immediately take possession and entered the room behind me. Margaret, of the Hall, but started to fulfill a plan which

their long delay in returning to their old

At last, it was the latter part of D. er, I received a letter dated Hairstone

"We are at home," he said, in concluding a and one of our first tasks has been to arrange your rooms for you, our dearest, truest friend. Come to us at once, bring your trusty Gretchen, and let us try if the end of our lives in the old Hall may not be brighter than the beginning. Margaret is beside me with Amy in her arms. The Amy you have never seen and she forbids me to tell you the secret my pen will hardly keep—the result of our long delay in Paris. Se come at once and find it for

I went at once. The heavy snow lay white nd still upon the ground, when I reached the park, and passed through the stately avenue f oaks glistening in the sunlight with their obes of hoar-frost. Philip met me at the foot of the grand flight of marble steps, a bright beaming in his face-so, leaning on him, for I was growing old and feeble now, I went lowly up to the house where I had seen such varied change, never to leave it again. We entered the hall. I started in almost terror at the sight that met me. Yet it was only Margaret, coming with a light, almost bounding ret, as in days long past, with the soft, damask flush upon her cheek—her head, erowned with its auburn tresses, no longer bowed, but lifted up to mine in joyous welcome; and the dark, brewn eyes beaming with a brilliant, tremulous light. She threw her arms around my neck, and looked at me eagerly before she kis then, in answer to my startled cry, she sobbed out between laughter and tears,

"Yes, this is our secret—my eyes are cured but, oh, Aunt Courtney," she whispered, sorrowfully stroking my gray hair, "we have grown old-old since I saw you last."

The evening came on with a solemn hush that night-solemn because of the deep, full joy that filled our hearts. We sat togeth the library. The setting sun cast its red light over the room, as on that evening long gone The winter wind mouned fitfully with yet only made the quiet depth of our happi ess more perfect. Back in its old place sto the Kbony Casket, gleaming black and bright in the crimson light. Philip and Margaret vere there, as in that hour of which we all were thinking. Another Amy, as white and radiant in her baby beauty, but with deeper, truer eyes, played at her mother's feet. As ! glanced around, Gilbert's fair, false face was the only one I missed. The same thought seemed to pass through Philip's mind. He said, in a low voice, to me,

Gilbert Hairstone is dead, Aunt Courtn then, turning his head, looked thoughtfully over the far hills from the window where he stood. Margaret stole to his side, and stood there silent

"Dead, Margaret," he said, again, looking wistfully at her face.

She looked up, saw the doubt in his eyesthe doubt, with all its sharp pain working at his heart—looked steadfastly, humbly into his doubting eyes.

"He was very dear to you. Margaret " he ked, in a busky whisper.

"Very dear to me," she said, firmly. There was a moment's pause. His face grew pale, but she looked quietly, steadfastly, humbly into his eyes. Then, clasping her hands, she rested them on her husband's arm, and laid her head upon his heart, while she said, in a clear, solemn voice, whose music sank deep his soul, putting its dark suspicion to flight forever.

Dear to me once! yet, I thank God, Philip, that this I know, that whereas once I was blind, now I see !" (Tue Exp.)

NEWS ITEMS.

The mails received from Santa Fe bring a copy of the stringent laws passed by the Legislature of New Mexico, protecting property in slaves, and totally prohibiting emancipation in that Territory.

M. G. B. Serra, of Baltimore, predicts the

that Territory.

Ms. G. B. Serru, of Baltimore, predicts the appearance of locusts the coming spring, in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tetnessee, Georgia, and Misaissippi. They belong to the tribe of 13 and 17 years locusts.

The Cincinnati Gasette says that on Saturday night last, a body-snatcher who had stolen a body from a graveyard in the neighborhood of that city, which he had placed in a bag, was hung while ondeavoring to get over a high fence, the corpse falling on one side and the body-snatcher on the other, he having placed around his shoulders the cord by which the sack was shut, and the cord slipping about his neck, choking him to death.

A Ganar Dirference.—An exchange says:

"It is rather surprising that whiist coesin steamers built by private enterprise make voyage after voyage, without damage, there is scarcely a Government steamer that makes a voyage without having to put in somewhere to

Future; no bright spot in the Past to which she centid turn with comfort; and worst of all, desired the resource of active employment. Even the books which she had been learning gard to the treft of these papers impressed me so forcibly as true. In the endeavor to gain power of giving pain, for she never wished to hear them read now. She followed me in my visits to the poor, and tried in a thousand touching, helpless ways to make herself uneful.

Hall, as Gittert Hairstone will know, and seen the shall acknowledge. I understand now, "he continued, "why his assertion of innocence in report of the secret spring and to the treft of these papers impressed me monds valued at \$100,000, and lace worth succeeded in opening the upper part of the manufacturer, wore to the Napier ball, distinctively as true. In the endeavor to gain succeeded in opening the upper part of the manufacturer of diamonds, and her breast-opening the upper part of the manufacture of diamonds. She stood "knee "Justitude and the continued," and the continued of the secret spring.

Before many more days, Margaret, you shall be mistress of Hairstone Hall."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

Two OLDER HOUSE IN BERDER-COUNT CAVOUR-OLD CROWES AND NEW ONES-INPORTANT RPICURIS-THE LAST NOVELTY IN PRABLE-THE SAOR AND THE BERD-CAUR.

Paris, February 3, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post: The anxious speculations of the public with regard to the question of war, have given place for the moment to curiosity with regard to the young Princese, who, after so short a wooing and so hasty a wedding, is to make her entry ipto Paris some time in the course of to-day The streets are all gay with the flags of Fran and Sardinia, and something in the way of an illumination will probably be got up to night. At the Tuileries, where Prince Napoleon alight with his bride, a grand reception is awaiting the new pair. The city is already full of portraits of the Princess Clotfida; enting a very handsome girlish face others a very plain one; in fact, we are much divided here on the important subject of the young lady's beauty, one party asserting it to be pre-eminent, a recond denying that she is handsome, while declaring her countenance to sion; and a third prudently suspending its judgment until enlightened by a sight of the young damsel herself.

A prodigious fass has been made over the new couple at Marseilles, where they landed yesterday morning. The guns of the forts thundered a salute on the approach of the Imperial steamers; the streets were strewed with sand and hung with flags and flowers ; officers of the Emperor's Household, and a large deputation of official people were assembled to receive them on landing, and the population of Marseilles greeted the young bride in her green velvet dress and white bonnet, with such warmth and goodwill that she seemed quite affected thereby. The municipality of Marseilles presented her with a magnificent set of jewels, and a splendid collation; and a group of young girls, selected for their pretty fac offered her a bouquet of the glorious flowers of that region.

Her welcome at the Tuileries will no doubt be very splendid; the Emperor evidently intending the world to understand that he attaches no slight importance to the Sardinian alliance. In addition to the 300,000 francs worth of cachemires, lace and jewelry sent to the young Princess by the Emperor (equalling in value the trousseau bestowed on her by her (ather), the Empress wrote her a very affectionate letter, accompanying this epistle with present of very costly jewels, among other things a ring of wonderful beauty and enormous value. "It is the custom in Spain when a young lady marries," says the Empress, in "for her best friend to present her with a ring. Permit me, as a Spaniard by birth, to follow the custom of my native land, and while awaiting the pleasure of calling you my cousin, to hope that you will allow me to ubscribe myself your best friend."

The bridal entry this afternoon will no doubt be an imposing spectacle, but, though all Paris will turn out to witness it, the marriage itself excites little enthusiasm here. People do not wish for war; they have a pretty general feeling that the rest of Europe, however prompt to exchange courtesies and compliments with the "parvenu" of "Destiny," preserves, under this varnish of political and courtly amenities, much too vivid a remembrance of the Pandora outpouring of evils inflicted on them by the chief of the First Empire, to suffer the successor of the Great Captain to lead an army into the territories of any other European state; and they believe, probably not without reason, that however deeply the more liberal countries of Europe may deplore the misgovernment that has so long kept Italy on the eve of an outbreak, they will not suffer France, under the specious pretext of vindicating popular freedom in Italy, to draw a sword that may be presently turned to purposes of conquest and aggrandisement. The extreme and indelicate haste with which this marriage has been gotten up, and its evident connexion with the Imperial policy, prevent the public, therefore, from re-

garding it with favor. Private accounts from Turin state that the marriage is viewed with little approbation there also. The Piedmontese are excessively proud of the antiquity of the House of Savoy, which is far older than any of the other reigning honses : and they do not at all like to see their oldest princess entering the youngest reigning place, in the history of art in the middle ages, house of Europe, and occupying a place in this along with the celebrated crowns of Monzs,

The Royal Family of Piedmont, which thus riches and in number. boasts of a genealogical descent, as Princes of Eugene, born in 1816, and his sister, wife of the kind of worship is practised by giving a was given in one of my former letters.

lowing description:

"The Count, who is now about forty-sight years of age, is of middle height, and some-what recembies M. Thiers, but is taller, and infinitely better looking. Like him, he wear speciacies, and also has the keenness of expression, and the sareastic mouth of the latter esman. The Count has all the care and salf-confidence of a man born to a somelide ne, and towh of ensuring respect, but of employing his talents in the service of his country. At the Chamber, on ordinary occasions, the Piret Minister of Piedmont comewhat resembles the intendant of a rich family, giving a plain and simple ac count of his stewardship. He seems, when speaking, to be conversing with such or such a ember, or party, and gives, in the most un ornamental style, explanations of his views or conduct, always listened to with interest. Being really well versed in everything relating io Government, and particularly to what con cerns Piedmont, he is always ready to provoke discussion, in order to explain everything Deputies, in general, speak from their places, ters reply in the same manu The Ministerial bench, which is of a circula form, is placed opposite the tribune, as in France, with its back turned towards the assembly. Count Cavour, sitting carelessly with one 'leg over the other, seeing and hearing everything, has all the appearance of attending to nothing. But should anything be said which relates to him personally, or to his department he is up in a moment; and fixes a magnetising look on some unfortunate Deputy, appears to address him alone, and to crush him with his arguments. At other times he grows animated turns to one side, then to the other, cries, ges ticulates, and seems almost to menac hearers. And when an opposition member has spoken, the President of the Council may be seen hurrying about the assembly, supporting one member, enlightening another, and rally ing his partisans by his attitude and gesture like a general bringing up his squadrons. But when the Count has to ascend the tribune, he is no longer the same man. His phrases become studied; his voice sonorous; his ideas are brought forward with order; his oratorical ges tures are united with a well-depicted emotion ; the statesman unveils himself to the full extent of his views; and the transfiguration is com-

It is Count Cavour who has prompted and sustained the King in his course of constitutional reform, who has baffled the Jesuits, and enabled the friends of education to establish the means of popular instruction in Piedmont. To his councils it is owing that the gallant little State of which he is the virtual ruler, gave the aid of its sword to the Western Powers in the late contest with Russia : and as his influence is clearly evident in the present warlike excitement in Piedmont, and in the determination of Piedment to resist any hostile ction on the part of Austria, the union of the reigning houses of France and Piedmont may eafely be considered as his work; a naion which common humanity would lead us to hope may not, whatever else may or may not be its results, lead to the unhappiness of the young creature, not yet 16, whose fate is thus linked to the problematic destinies of the Bo-

While new crowns and old ones are thus bringing their splendors together, the Minister of State has been buying up a whole lot of the circlets for which the human race has shown so strong an affinity for so many ages. These new acquisitions, destined for the Hotel de Cluny, the great emporium of objects of ancient art here, consist of eight coronets of gold of the 7th century, found near the gates of Toledo, the capital of the Gothic Kings of Spain. They are richly ernamented with sap-phires and pearls, set with a taste and skill that would do honor to a modern jeweler. The largest of these circlets is not less than 34 inches in height over the forehead, and bears the name of King Reccesointhus, who reigned over Spain from 649 to 672. The next in size perch. is that of his Queen; the rest appear to have belonged to his children. All these crowns are suspended to handsome gold chains; and a smaller chain, passing through the centre of each crown, supports a large cross enriched with jewels. An inscription on one of these crosses states that these jewels had been dedicated to the Virgin of Sorbaces; they bear a striking likeness to the Merovingian jewels. ter, and dropped down dead. Poor black Poll, This splendid collection will be of great use to artists and antiquaries, and will take their University Museum for the afflicted survivor. new Court which makes her rank subordinate which have been a subject of admiration for o that of an Empress not "born in the purple." centuries past, and which they surpass in

The war in Cochin-China is being pushed for-Savoy, centuries before any of the other royal | ward with a vigor that might deserve some betfamilies began to be heard of, is at present com- ter results than appear likely to follow it. The posed of the King, Victor Emmanuel II., widower | French and Spanish arms are certain to obtain four years ago, left a widow, daughter of King Bishop Reford, who has been out there many Louis of Saxony, and a young son and daughter. The Savoy-Carignan branch, detached tianity because it does not prescribe veneration om the other in 1778, is represented by Prince for deceased parents. In Cochin-China this Count of Syracuse, brother of the King of Na- at first every three days, then every five days, ples. The elder line is also represented by the and afterward every year. A great inundation twin daughters of King Victor Emmanuel 1., that recently afflicted the country, followed by Maria Theresa, Duchess-Dowager of Parms, and a famine, was attributed by the people to Chris-Maria Anne, Ex-Empress of Austria. The tianity. Every one who possessed a little rice grand-mother of the present King, the Grand buried it in the earth that his neighbor might Duchees of Saxe Courland, was re-married to not get it. In every village people died of the Prince de Montleart, now living, and an hunger, those who survived, looking like count of whose scandalous quarrels with his spectres. All these villages are fortified, and ions of the deceased princess reverting to her, to protect them from brigands. During the thank for a war which can only be disastrous life in his palace; but fearing the people might and which, until recently, he has so wisely and adoption of certain measures of relief. The so successfully supported, the clever author of Mandarins were requested to exhert the rich the ugliest man in your kingdom. a work entitled Lettres Italiesnes, gives the fol- to curtail their expenses, to sell the superfluous rice in their granaries, and not to lend out own wounds green .- Lord Ba

money at more than cent. per cent. interest, in order not to complete the ruin of these who were in need. He also ordered new roads to give employment to the laboring classes. But the avarioe and misconduct of the Mandarins thwarted the King's intentions. Cargoes of rice were imported, and ordered by the King to be sold at a reasonable rate; but the Mandarina were bribed by the captains, and the latter were allowed to sell their cargoes at famine prices. In consequence of the g produced by the French expedition name of Heroes of the Country. In the vince of Siam-Dinh this force amounted to 60,000; but these "heroes" were famial and plundering the places they were appointed to protect. Bishop Reford says that the tor-tures applied by the Annamite Mandarins not only to rebels and Christians, but to all from whom they wish to extert money, are of the most harrible kind: and that the situation A the country, at the points where the invading expedition is operating, may be summed up in two words, "famine and persecution." The only thing produced by Cochin China which civilised people would care to borrow appear to be the oranges, of which that unpleasant country possesses as many as twenty varieties, all varying in size, color and flavor, and not one ong them all but is voted by the invaders to be far better than those with which the rest of the world is acquainted. One of the best is the com du-nong, or orange-sugar, as large as the Spanish orange, but highly ederiferous, flat, and reddish. The com-sen, or Paradise-orange, is also very good; its rind and pulp are pale red: it has semething of the stimulating sharpness of the lemon, but is very sweet withal. The finest of all is the com-tien, or king's orange, and it is, in fact, reserved for the use of the sovereign. There is no prohibition against the cultivation of this orange, but it is cessary to keep it secret, for, if the tree w discovered, the owner would be compelled to deliver up all its fruit to the Prince. It is of the same form and size as the ordinary Euro-pean or American orange; but its rind, which is green, and as fine as the thinnest silk, is almost transparent, and the filaments of the pulp, which is of a rose color, can be seen through it. When it is opened it imparts a delightful odor to the apartment in which it has been eaten; and no fruit of the species can compare with it in point of flavor.

M. Johard, of Brussels, the well-known sound, (whose love of a joke sometimes carries him a little too far, and who lately remarked, when some one was abusing hooped petticoats, "It is idle to expect that a well-bred woman will consent to resemble a folded umbrella, when she possesses the means of resembling an opened parachute,") has just communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences a curious discovery of M. Serret, who has found that a large species of fresh-water muscle, peculiar to the river Verte, which rises near Ne ufchateau, in the department of the Vosges, and flows partly through Belgium, produces pearls equal in quality to the Oriental ones. Some of them are not white, but of a mahogany color, as though they contained iron, which, however, they do not. Black pearls (these, as I need hardly remark, are leaden hue), which are very rare, and consequently far more costly than white ones, though not half so beautiful, and pink pearls, rarest of all, fetching fabulous prices, and excessively pretty, though not at all like ordinary pearls, are already known to the lovers of jewels; these brown pearls of M. Serret's dis constitute a fourth variety, probably more cu rious than beautiful.

Baron Humboldt bas just sustained a heavy domestic loss. He possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess-Regent, Karl August, of Saxe Welmar. The Baron was very fond of this bird, and was disagreeably surprised, the other day, on returning home from a dinner-party, to find his favorite sitting droopingly on hi

"Well, Jacob," he said, approaching the age, "which of us two is likely to die first?" "Pray, your Excellency," interposed his old valet, "do not talk to the bird on such serious subjects.

Humboldt turned silently from the cage, and took up a book. Half an hour afterwards, the bird suddenly turned round, looked at its masor rather her skin, is now being stuffed at the

Former News.—We have two days later news from Europe by the arrival at New York, on the 6th inst., of the steamer Jura, with London and Liverpool dates to the 18th ultimo. The war preparations in Europe continued, and the state of affairs was unchanged. There were vague reports of a French loan of twenty millions of pounds sterling. From India we have news of the close of the campaign in Onde, and the destruction of all the forts. It is said that Austria agrees to seed a representative to the Paris Congress, of Adelaice, Archduchess of Austria, with five of Adelaice, Archduchess of Austria, with five of Adelaice, Princess Ciotikla, born the 21 March, 1843, Prince of Piedmont, Duke of Aosta, Duke of Montferrat, and Princess Maria Pia, who succeeded their elder sister at intervals with each ceeded their elder sister at intervals with each it is impossible to establish permanent roads.

"victories" over the inhabitants of the countries to send a representative to the Paris Congress, provided that England and Russia will guarantee that render colonization profitable or ments that render colonization profita out of Lombardy, with the countrance of France and Russia. The affairs of the Danu-bian Principalities are becoming seriously com-plicated.

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COMMERCIAL.—Cotton remains firm. Bread stuffs very dull. Provisions quiet but steady.

Ma. Romon:-I see in your last num ber, in the article Wine and Books, a Hindoo drink is mentioned, which is new to me. I mean "Bhang?" What is it?

In reply to the query you have put unto we, Our answer is, Bhang ! must be gunper -Cozzens's Wine Press.

B& A certain Frenchman, named Roque daughter, about the proportion of the posses. surrounded by thorny hedges and trenches, laure, was not handsome-truly, no! He met, one day, however, a native of Auvergne, who famine the latter were always on the alert, surpassed him in ugliness. Straightway, he of Count Cavour, the able and upright min-roaming from place to place, and setting fire to presented himself and his Auvergnese to Louis ister to whom Sardinia owes so much, and the houses in order to steal food during the XIV., protesting that he was under great obliwhom, let us hope, Europe may not have to confusion. The King, meantime, led a july gation to him, and beseeching the king to be friend him. Louis inquired, what was the in the end to the cause which he has at heart, rise in desperation, he issued orders for the nature of the obligation ?- "Ah, sire," replied Requelaure, "were it not for him I should be

The intest case of faithful Biddyism is chronicled by the Geometric (Mass.) Genetic. An Irish girl was dispatched to a neighbor's with an Irish girl was dispatched to a neighbor's with an Irish girl was dispatched to a neighbor with an Irish girl was dispatched to a neighbor with an Irish girl was dispatched to a neighbor has been privated to a neighbor had gens to Kerthampton, whither she wanded her way, twelve miles, on foot, and traversed the streets till she found the individual and delivered the note. She then started to return, stopping over night on the way with some friends, and reaching home next day, when she told her mistress that she must give up her place, for she could not go any more such long errands.

Phorosud New Jury Law is England.—Lord Campbell's bill amending the Jury Law of England has been printed for the information of the members of Parliament. It proposes to furnish the jury with food and fire, and, unless they agree, to keep them together for six hours. If, at the expiration of that pried, nine of them have agreed, it is to be taken as the verdict of the jury: if not, they are to be discharged from the further couniderstion of the case.

A GENTLEMAN FORTHER, and we way with the niceback with provided the note. An Inches of Our acquaintance, being in Loadon on New Year's day, was informed by with the under on New Year's day, was informed by with the loadon on New Year's day, was informed by with the loadon on New Year's day, was informed by with the united States in March.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weeky at the Periodical Depote of DEXTER a BROTHER, No. 14 & 18 Ann St., N. Y. BERNER, No. 14 & 18 Ann St., N. Y. BERNER, No. 14 & 18 Ann St., N. Y. BERNER, N. Y. S. JOURNER, N. O. 14 & 18 Ann St., N. Y. BERNER, N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

A GENTLEMAN OF The Internation of the period of the niceback of the No. 14 Ann St., N. P. S. JOURNER, N. O. 14 & 18 Ann St., N. Y. BERNER, N. Y. JOURNER, N. O. 14 & 18 Ann St., N. Y. BERNER, N. Y. JOURNER, N. O.

WERELY REVIEW OF THE

WREELY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The receipts of Flour during the past week have again been unusually light, hardly adequate for the wants of the home trade, and with a moderate export and specinistive demand, together with an improving tendency in neighboring markets and throughout the West, holders have again advanced their views 25 b bbl. Sales of 15,000 bbls at \$6,63,50 and \$00 half bbls for superfine—closing firm at the latter quotation; \$6,374,66,62\$ for extra and \$6,50\$, and \$00 half bbls at \$6,12\$ bor extra, and \$6,50\$, and \$00 half bbls at \$6,12\$ by pair. The sales to the home trade have been to a moderate extent within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour has been in better demand, and 1000 bbls sold at \$4,28. Corn Meal has been more inquired after. Sales of 1200 bbls promises terms.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for GRAIN—There has been a good demand for the desiration of the shade terms.

of the same quotations. Rys Flour has been in better demand, and 1000 bhis sold at \$4.26. Corn Meal has been more inquired after. Sales of 1200 bhis Pennar at \$3.624 (2.05, and 1000 bhis Brandywine on private terms.

(RAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, and at the close a further advance of the war realized, but the sheene of receipts and the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to make the very limited amount offering have tended to the very limited amount of the very limited. The very limited amount of the very limited. The very limited amount of the very limited. The very limited amount of the very limited amount of the v

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coming to war to man for home consumption has been of a very restricted character.

COFFEE—The only arrival this week is 3150 bags Laguayra. There has been quite an active inquiry, and prices are very firm, but the absence of adequate supplies has tended to restrict business. Two invoices of Rio, about 800 bags, to arrive, have been disposed of at 114; on time; some Laguayra at 124; 700 bags Triage at 84 (20 9); a lot of St. Dominge at 10; 100 bags Cape 104; and 200 mats Java at 15c \$\frac{10}{2}\$ Mb, all on time.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit meets a steady inquiry, without change in prices. Dried Apples range from 94 to 10c \$\frac{10}{2}\$ Mb. Cranberries command \$7(2) 12 \$\frac{10}{2}\$ bbl—most of those offering are of inferior quality.

quality.
FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, 對 协, \$2@2,50
Rocky Mountain, 對 b, \$3@3,50; Muskrat Skins,
對 b, 18@25c; Nutria, 對 b, 35@50c; Raccoon,
對 b, 33@50c.
HEMP is quiet, there being no stock here to

HEMP is quiet, the property of the market is poorly operate in.

HIDES are in demand, but the market is poorly supplied. No sales. An import of 3140 Luguayra and Porto Cabello has arrived, which was previously contracted for.

HOPS meet a steady inquiry; sales of new crop Eastern and Western at 14@20c; old are nominal

at 4@7c.

JRON—There is a fair demand for Pig Metal, and the market is firm. Sales of 1500 tons No 1 Anthracite at \$24@25; 100 do at the same figure; 200 tons No 2 at \$23, and 100 tons No 3 at \$22, on time. 1000 tons Mottled and White Forge sold at \$22,50,6 mos. Blooms are held firmly. About 600 tons Juniana were disposed of in the interior, to come here, at near \$80,6 mos. A lot of old

600 tons Juniata were disposed of in the interior, to come here, at near \$50, 6 mos. A lot of old Railroad Bars brought \$35. Prices of Bar and Boller Iron continue as last quoted.

LEAD is held very firmly, as the stock here in first hands is quite small. No further sales.

LEATHER—The receipts are increasing. The bulk of the stock now consists of inferior descriptions, which are not wanted. Prime qualities, however, are in demand, with an advancing tendency in prices.

however, are in demand, with an advancing ten-dency in prices.

LUMBER—The absence of adequate supplies continue to restrict business. Sales of a cargo of Virginia Yellow Pine Sap Beards at \$15,50; small Jots White Pine Boards at \$16(6)17; Spruce do \$12, and Laths at \$2,126(6),25. Spruce Joist, if here, would command \$13 \$\frac{1}{2}\$ loop feet.

MOLASSES is arriving more freely, and the market has been dull. Sales of 100 hhds clayed Cubs at 25c; a deck load of Trinidal at 31c; 30 hhds Porto Rico—new crop, the first of the sea-son—sold at 35c; and 2560 bbls New Orleans at 40 (6)40 c, on time.

son—sold at 36c; and 2800 bbls New Orleans at 40 (640)c, on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed have materially fallen off, and it is in good request. Sales of 800 bushels at \$6,56(£,67,5) \$64 fbs, for fair quality from first hands, and \$6,75(£,725 from second hands. Flaxesed sells on arrival at \$1,70 (£,1,75. A small sale of Timothy at \$2,20 (£) bushel.

SUGAR—The receipts, since our last notice, of both Cuba and New Orleans have been quite liberal. The demand, however, has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of \$60 hhds at \$6,37 for Cuba and \$4,25(£,65,25) for New Orleans. 850 bags Laguayra sold at \$7,12\$, on time. The stock is now 2787 hhds.

SPIRITE—Brandy and Gin meet a steady in-

on time. The stock is now 2787 hhds.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin meet a steady inquiry at former rates. N. E. Rum is seiling slowly at 36(g-356—the latter rate for Pelton's. In Domestic Brandy and Gin there has been good doing. Whiskey is held with increased framess. Sales of 200 barrels ohto at 28(g-29c, Pennsylvania at 27(g-27)c; hhds at 26jc and drudge at 241(g-26c.

25j (\$26c, TALLOW has declined. Sales of City Rendered

at II.c. cash.

TOBACCO has met a better inquiry, and prices
are improving for both Leaf and Manufactured.

50 hads Mason County sold on private terms.

WOOL—There is a firm feeling in the market,
but the sales have been limited—the Eastern
manufacturers having mostly been supplied by
the auction sale at Boston.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS at A distin-mended by physicians in their practice. A distin-guished ciergyman, who had taken ais bottles, by the direction of his physician, writes us that they have cured him of Dyspepsia of twenty-five years standing. Try this remedy, Dyspeptics!

•	No. 39 South Third Street.				
les	The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.				
	LOANS.	RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS. Pennsylvania R R			
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	N Liberty 60 61	Phil Ger & Nor RR			
p-	Mechanics - 244	stock 524 55			
-	Southwack 69 -	6 pr ct loan 100 Minchill R R 502 504			
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of !	ford R H 60 -	bonds 33; 36 Sus & Tidewater 3 3;			
n	Bonds - 91	bonds 1879 33 -			

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY.

NERVOUS DESILITY.

This is a complaint very common, especially among females. HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS never fails to care this disease. The system, under its use, it restored to its original strength and vigor; the appoilte becomes good, the spirits become cheerful, and in hedy and mind you find the full restoration of health. For sale by draggists and dealers in medicines everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accom-

On the 5th of Oct. by the Bov. J. H. Konnerd, Mr. Gronon C. Halamas, to Mise Runz L. Movus, both of this city.
On the 16th ultime, by the Bov. L. H. Christian, Mr. W. H. Srousn, is Americ, daughter of Chas. Bradfield, Esq. both of this city.
On the 5th ultime, by the Bov. Thes. Brainerd, Mr. Janus F. Woon, to Miss Sallis F. Covan, both of Christian Hundred, New Onstie county, Delaware.

both of Christian Hundred, New Castle county, Delaware.
On the 24th ultime, by the Rev. R. Armetrong, Mr. Payan Casyanata, to Miss Elemanny Garun, both of this city.
On the 24th ultime, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Isanan Millans, of Berks county, to Lypia Bourn, of Chester county.
On the 27th altime, by the Rev. Chas. A. Baer, Jour F. Vollaurs, to Runa, daughter of George Shipler, both of this city.
On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. Blabop, the Rev. Hans H. Bonzu, of the Philadolphia Annual Conference, to Miss Arna W. Rangay, daughter of Jas. W. Engley, Esq. of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accom-anied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultime, LUCRETIA WEST, aged 16 On the 27th ultime, Mrs. CATHARINE HARRISON, aged 69 years. On the 27th ultime, Mansanny Locan, aged 25 years. On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. Eliza, wife of Wm.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. ELISA, wife of Wm. Clark.

On the 1st instant, JOHN RHYMOLDS, aged 57.
At Germantown, on the 28th ultimo, Mrs. ANN
HUNTON, aged 56 years.
On the 28th ultimo, JACOD S. ANDRINON, aged
37 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM GRRNAN,
aged 76 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ALEXANDER McCLOUD, aged

25 years. On the 27th ultime, Mrs. CATHARINE PIERCE, aged 59 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ELISA, widow of the late
Mackey Divine, aged 40 years.

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The boy-manuel harrickter, on in his time play many ourse parts correspondin ages. Part a fincker, art and rembunkshus in his mother's ar And then a sarey yungster, with his clam-shell Crammed with terbacks, swearin all the way rest common shool. And then the 8h

Also a chawin of his josey saind And smokin like a furnise. Then perchand, A Pillibuster, hairded like a gote, Full of gin cock tails and of brandy slings. Trainia by moonlite, carryla revolver: Or prape a hafe brick in a stockin slung. Or spring back nife, and reddy to "go in"
And "make a muse" at corner groceries.
Disturbin the pericece. And then a Loafer.
Rum soled and raggid, shuffin throe the streets. And so he gits "played out." Then fleen the

Mabbee the Tooms, a waitin for his tryali Without a shyster frend to put him throo, Beknoe he's mary brad. The hitter cend Of the onfortuit Rowdy's History Ken cesier be imagend than described ... Nie funds, nie freeds, nie bege, nie everything

NOT A DROP MORE THOUT IT'S

We meet this tale on its rounds. We are not sure we have not seen it will bear repetition, if it is old.

Twenty years ago, it was the custom in northwestern Georgia, as indeed it was through-out the southwest, for dry goods dealers to keep a barrel of "sperits" in the back room, and to treat liberal customers to a glass whenever desired.

Fillens and Dewberry were such dealers in one of the small towns indicated; and they had for a customer a clever, rollicking old fel low, named Joe Donny, who drank whiskey in preference to water always, and whose wife flesh of his flesh" in that particular -The old couple would come in town, trade quite freely, and as freely imbibe the spirits in the back room of the dealers we have

On one occasion both the old man and old woman continued their potations inerdinately ; and as Fillens observed that his goods went better the drunker the old weman became, he pressed her to drink.

At last she refused, unless he would sweeten it with a little store "sugar." Fillens indulged her, and when the old people started home in the evening late, the old man could scarcely mount his herse, and the good wife had actu-ally to be lifted and placed on the pillion behind him. Happily, she leaned one war and shand the other, so that the gravitating point was between them; as she clung to him instinctively, they passed out of the village

Before reaching their home, however, they had to cross a small creek, and when their horse stepped in to drink, the old lady, having reached unconsciousness, released her hold, and quietly lapsed into the stream

not perceive his loss, but jogged slowly homeward. Arrived there, the children inquired anxiously for "mammy," but the old man could only say that she had been on the "crit-"the critter hadn't kicked up nary time ; so he couldn't say where she mout be ;" and threw himself stupid on the bed.

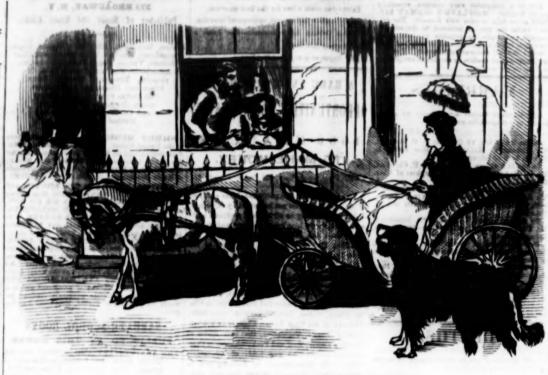
Girls and boys flew along the road the old man had come, yelling mammy ! mammy ! but of course no mammy responded. When they arrived at the creek, the oldest

Vonder she is sitting down in the creek !"

water, which came nearly up to her mouth .- short, the gates of eternity had opened upon As she swayed back and forth, now yielding to the impetuosity of the stream, and now rewould occasionally wet her lips, and each time press the question. it did so, she would faintly exclaim, with a grim effort to smile :

ordinary mean men in Sydney. There was one a merchant-prince, who made it a boast that said Mr. Slocum, eyoing his better half over he had never given away a shilling in his life. his spectacles, "I presume we shall come So far as I know, he only departed from his excumetances are worth relating: One marning a poor Irishman stepped into his countinghouse, and, looking the very picture of misery, said, "Oh! may it please yer honor, I've lost a pig—the only pig I had—and misthress— governoss, has given me a pound, and sent the narration was ended, "n me to you for another. She says you have to know whether the man was killed or not?" enough gold to build a sty wid, and will be sure to give me a little." Ast refused; upon which Panny three wall that paper.
on a stool, and raised such a piteous wall that paper.
"I declare, wife," said he, "it's curious, death of his pig, gave hims the pound to get but really the paper don't say."

quit of him. Next day the proprietor of the defunct perker was passing the warehouse, and tor at the door, putled his "Well, did you get drunk with ern Reserve College, tells this good story, illusthat pound, or buy another pig?" asked the rich mun, gruffly. "Bought a pig, yer honor, a darling little thing, wid a sweet twist in his "Well, it's to be you'll take better care of him than you off Did ye say die of, now? Why get out side, and 'Propatrus' means a great uncle or and ye, he was so for I killed him?"-Life in the father's side. Can you make any such the sudden question, the youth stared, and a permanent trailis is formed by running three



THE PLEASANT SIDE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTSISM.

PRINTY Cours (who is a lostle fast) .- "Mornin', Charles! Now then, if you will pop on your hats, and wrap yourself up warm, I'll take you and your friend out for a drive!"

COULDN'T FIND IT OUT.

Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, and things from his little rocky farm, through without delay. the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edify. ing to hear Mr. Slocum reading the village paper aloud to his wife after a hard day's work. A few evenings since, farmer Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident which

"I d'clare, wife, that was an awful accident over to the mills," said Mr. Slocum. " What was it about, Mr. Slocum !"

"I'll read the 'count, wife, then you'll know all about it."

Mr. S. began to read :

" Harrilde and Fatal Accident .- It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being in the prime of life was burried to that bourne from which, as the

("Du tell!" exclaimed Mrs. S.) "Mr. David ("Du tell!" exclaimed and the superiors soldier.

Jones, a workman, who has but few superiors soldier.

"Too late, Captain Durosier,—and why?" this side of the city, was superintending one of the large drums, ("I wonder if 'twas a brass drum, such as has 'Kblubust Unum' printed on't," said Mrs. Stocum,) when he became blood from the breast of his coat. "All will entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn situation was discovered, he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a large beam a dismachinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jones's arms and logs were macerated to a jelly ; ('Well, didn't it kill him?' asked M ., with increasing interest;) portions of the duramater, cerebrum, and cerebellum, in con-And there she was, seated comfortable in the fused masses, were scattered about the floor-in

sisting it with some success, the muddy fluid tacles, and the wife seized the opportunity to but he was accustomed to visit his larder every

"Was the man killed !" "Not a drop more, Mr. Filiens, 'thout it's yet -you'll know when I've finished the and cheeses at Triancu. Who again does not And Mr. Sloomm continued madine

the life of the venerable Mrs. Joe Denny, that | was taken down that it was no longer tenanted | one day with her ladies of honor with the maunwe are indebted for one of our most popular by the immortal spirit-that the vital spork

Was the man killed, that's what I want to

"Do have a little patience, old woman." upon it right away." And he went on readover our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our

"Now," said Mrs. Siccum, perceiving that Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He serr At first, old hard- bie head, scrutinized the article he had been

PHILOROGIAL ANECDOTS. -The College Record.

trating the comparative flexibility of the Latin and English languages :

need the Professor, "the great flexibility of the " Die we have change in our language?

A HERO.

Miss Pardoe, in a recent work, relates the and his life has been in by-paths and out of following interesting assecdote :- At the battle the way places. His mind is characterized by of Montmirail, a young officer, named Duronier, the literalness rather than the comprehensive chanced to be in attendance on the Emperor at grasp of great subjects. Mr. Slocum can, how- the moment when it became essential to des ever, master a printed paragraph by dint of patch an order to one of the Generals of Diviapelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, sion; and Napoleon, hastily summoning him to and manages to gain a few glimpses of men his side gave him instructions to deliver it

> "Spare neither yourself nor your horse, sir," he said sternly; " for there is not a moment to lose, and return at once to report to me that my order has been obeyed."

Durosier galloped off amid a shower of shot had happened at the factory in the next town, and shells, and within a quarter of an hour he and which the village editor had described in a was again beside the Emperor. His duty was

"You have behaved well, monsieur," said Napoleon, when he had received his report; you have a stout heart, and a clear head. though you are still only a youngster. I give you a captain's brevet, and attach you to What is your name?" "Durosier, stre."

"It seems familiar to me. On what occasion have I before heard it?"

"I was the colonel of the boy battalion, your majesty. 'Ah! I remember. Well, that is an addi-

tional reason why I should attach you to my "It is too late, sire," murmured the young

"Sire, they have hit me;" and as he spoke, he withdrew a handkerchief saturated with soon be over -- Vive l' Empereur! Vive la France !" He reeled for an instant in his saddle, and over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his then fell heavily into the arms of an officer who had sprung forward to support him. Timoleon

Durosier was a corpse. "So young!-so young!-and so brave!tinct blow at each revolution. ('Poor creeter, and to die on his first battle-field!' exclaimed how it must have hurt him!') When the Emperor, as he bent down, for an instant, over the body. "Poor boy! Poor boy!"

Then setting spurs to his charger, he galloped off, as if unable to linger over so sad a spectacle. - Episodes of French History

TITLED COOKS, -Prince Talleyrand, that consumate diplomatist, whose dinners had a Kuro-And have we not still more august examples? The lovely and unfortunate Marie "I don't know-haven't come to that place Antoinette delighted in making her own creams the purified sediment of wine casks. The prethe history of the omelette at Malmaison? "It was evident when the shapeless form The Empress Josephine was amusing herself facture of an omelette, and, at the most interesting moment of the operation, Napoleon entered unexpectedly. Seeing the embarrassment the Empress experienced in turning the omelette, he took the pan from her hand, saying, "I will show you, ma benne amie, how to turn an omelette: this is the bivous fashion." little twist so well known to all cooks : but the disobedient omelette, instead of returning to the frying-pan, fell right into the fire, to the great delight of Josephine, who, turning to her ngust sponse, said to him, with a charming smile, "Your majesty is not at the bivouac now; you understand much better how to gain battles than to turn omelettes."

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS, OLD STYLE .to attend the next morning at ten to be examdidate entered the next day the gruf presence of the terrible examiner. "Sit down, sir," roared a voice of thunder. Then, after a pain-Anomalia. By Frank Flucies.

Anomalia. By Fra

Agricultural.

CROTON POINT VINEYARDS.

Travellers on the North River frequently have occasion to observe the beautiful vine-yards of Dr. Underhill, spread over the low peninsula known as "Croton Point," near Sing Sing, though but few are aware of their extent and productiveness. Favored by nature, and improved by long, systematic culture, Croton Point has gained a name which is always associated in New York with fruit of the finest flavor; and now that the attention of the proprietor is being more carefully directed to production of pure wine, (though not te such an extent as to curtail the supply of fruit for the market,) Dr. Underhill's vineyard will soon enjoy a wider reputation.

The number of acres at Croton Point now rered with vines, is about fifty; the old apple orchards bordering upon the original vine yard having gradually given place to the grape, which is a sure crop. Not a single failure ha taken place since grape-culture was commeticed, some twenty five years ago. Besides grapes are more remunerative as a crop-the mand being restricted only by the inadequate supply, at from fifteen to twenty cents per pound. Latterly, since physicians have had greater hesitancy in prescribing imported wines for their patients, Dr. U. has been urged to set apart a large proportion of his crop for wine manufacture; and thus far with results beyond anticipations, as regards the demand

Many families, also, which have been accustomed to use foreign wines for domestic purposes, now give the preference to American, being less apprehensive of deleterious effects. Probably, in future years, the manufacturer of such wines will be largely increased. A farm located two and a half miles from Croton Point, purchased a few years ago, is now being converted into vineyards. The process of manufacture adopted, is that in vogue in Germany and France, from whence a number of have been procured. As a consequence, the wine produced has a close resemblance to the wines of Germany, being quite unlike that of pean reputation, did not amuse himself, it is chemicals to suit what is called the American true, with holding the handle of the frying-pan, taste. Comparatively few, in fact, are aware that natural wines, unmixed with brandy or sugar, have a flavoring commonly described as "sour," or that the cream fartar of commerce is valent ignorance on this subject operates as a bodi in it the following ingredients until it premium for adulteration. Dr. U. dispenses is reduced to one pint: two ounces of Aleppo with all foreign substances, except that in a galls, in powder; two ounces of logwood; one few instances the acidity of new wines has been neutralized by adding small quantities of sugar-producing an article which is commonly considered mere palatable than other

The soil at Croton Point is nearly a pure gravelly sand, presenting the appearance of land totally unfit for cultivation : but to render it most productive, a compost is used, formed decayed vegetatio m of the woodland, mixed with coarse potash and the liquid refuse exhausted soils of Virginia, fer example, are admirably adapted to grape culture, and might easily be covered with luxuriant vineyards, contributing an incredible amount to the procources of the State. The intellig wine-grower invariably selects lands of that Pleasant stories are told of such interviews. In character. The mode of cultivation adopted one case we know a young lad, clever enough, at Croton Point, is, to set the vines either in indeed, but very timid and treunloss, was told Spring or Fall, placing them seven feet apart, ined in arithmetic by an old chief clerk, "a which allows of about one thousand to the a print published by the students of the West- Morgan. Trembling with fear, the young can- either in Cincinnati or Germany, where two thousand five hundred to the acre are not unusual; but ample space and a free circulation of air are regarded as essential to the health of "You will observe from this word," conti-ful pause, "Now, sir, attention, I shall exam-the vine. Fruit does not appear until the line you in arithmetic." "Shall I not have pen third summer. In regard to the preparation the vine. Fruit does not appear until the need the Property. The great sexionity of the last ine you in arithmetic. Shall I not have pen than summers. In regard to the properties we have "Patruss," an uncle on the father's trant's voice. "Attention! how much are to answer every purpose. The vines are supside, and 'Properties' means a great uncle on two and two!" Paralysed by the voice and Pater, Patruns, Pro- then gasped out quite seriously, "Pour, sir." - wires across chestunt posts, about seven feet is economized, and wholly applied to the pro- lies we visit will please try it.

duction of fall alsed, juicy and highly-flavored fruit. By this mode, in brief, New York is supplied with a choice luxury, in continually increasing quantities; and invalids, who require a nourishing stimulus, have a resource to which they may always apply, without any fear of hastening their dissolution through the artifices of accomplished importars.—Journal of

PLANTING TREES.

As the proper season is now approaching for transplanting trees, a few hints to new planters will not be out of place.

I. Have your ground in good heart, and see that it contains a sufficient quantity of the matter necessary to the growth of such trees as you are about to plant. Apples require lime, pears phosphate of lime, or bone dust. Good wheat land is well adapted to the growth of appies, and poor soil should never be laid out for an orchard.

II. Let the land be high; lowlands are liable to spring frests, and the fruit blessoms are often blighted by them. High situations are also more easily drained, which is absolutely essential to the well-being of the trees.

III. Plough the ground deep before planting, slight searifying of the soil will do no good. Dig the holes for the trees deep, if the ground is not naturally loose. Pill up with the surface soil around the roots, placing each rootiet in the most natural position. Do not use any

IV. In selecting trees, choose such varieties as are of well-known excellence, and that are adapted to your peculiar locality. Young, healthy plants are better than large ones, and removal much better. A large tree costs more in the nursery, but the small one with like care, will, in a few years, often out-

V. The shorter time your plants are out of the ground, the more likely they will be to If the rootlets are not allowed to get dry, the tree will be almost sure to grow; but if these get dried up, the chance of success is less Some trees will not bear exposure of their roots for any great length of time, and live .- Ohio

CUBE FOR SCAB IN SHEEP .-- I have had this disease break out several times among my sheep, and have never failed in effecting a cure by the application of tobacco juice. If taken in time, the cure is quite easily effected; but is located. if allowed to spread among the flock, it is a work of considerable labor. Wash the parts affected with a pretty strong decoction of tobacco, and repeat every two or three days until the skin of the animal resumes a healthy state. It is a sure cure. An extensive farmer in this vicinity, who kept several hundred sheep, had the scab among his flock, and allowed it to be spread so extensively that many of them were covered with the eruption to the ears and eyes, and the only way that he could devise to make a speedy cure was to fill a large cask with the decection, and immerse each sheep, morely allowing a sufficient por-tion of the head out for breathing. No time should be lost; apply the remedy immediately. -Cor. Country Gentleman.

Houses' MANE AND TAIL FALLING OFF. -S. T. G. asks: "What is the best remedy for a gradual thinning of a horse's mane and tail? My horse is perfectly healthy, and in constant work; his mane and tail seem to be gradualty falling off, and the hair is easily broken."-Rub into the roots of the hair, two or three times a week, a mixture of three parts spirits of turpentine, and one of tincture of cantha rides.—London Field.

Useful Receipts.

DELETOES DEBSING FOR ROAST FOWLE-Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten tread rally with butter, and season rather highly with salt and pepper, working them into the butter a little: then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to staff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives the fictitious wines flavored with sugar and is very penetrating, and gives to the fowl a rich, gamey character, which is very pleasant. We recommend this dressing, and testify to our personal high appreciation of its delicacy.— Exchange.

BLACK REVIVER FOR PADED MOURNING DESCRIPTION ounce of gum arabic; then add one ounce of sulphate of iron. Let it evaporate to a powder. Another receipt : gall, eight ounces; logwood, one ounce; green vitriol, one ounce; iron filings, one onnce; sumac, one ounce; vinegar, METHOD OF RESTORING THE COLOR OF DARK BLUE

(OR ANY OTHER COLORED) SUK OR REBROW,-MI: together half a pint-of gin, four ounces of soft soap, and two ounces of honey; then with a sponge (dipped in the above liquid) rub the silk or ribbon. After which rinse it in two waters, containing two or three teaspo ox gall, which will brighten the faded color and prevent its running. The silk or ribb should not be wrung, but well shaken, and hung up smoothly to dry; and afterwards, it should be mangled while damp. Not only dark blue, but the most delicate colors, may be treated in this way with perfect satisfac In fact, they will have all the appearance of new.-G. M. F. G.

pulp in water, and pass the liquid matter the foot of a Chinese lady? Ans .- Because bre through a coarse sieve in another vessel water; let the mixture stand undisturbed till the fine white particles of the potato are pre- who has made his last comundrum like a young cipitated; then pour the mucillaginous liquor from the secula, and preserve it for use. The Bearticle to be cleaned should be spread upon a linen cloth upon a table, and washed with a sponge dipped in the potato liquer, until the dirt is perfectly separated, then rinsed in clear es. Two middle-sized potawater several tin toes will be sufficient for one pint of water.

The Riddler.

DIBLICAL ENIGNA. WEITTER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENIS

I am composed of 24 letters. My 1, 7, 8, 11, 4, 18, was a scribe.

My 2, 7, 15, was a sen of Benjamin. My 3, 16, 15, 5, 7, was a son of David. My 4, 8, 6, 7, 16, was a King of Egypt.

My 5, 7, 24, 11, was a King of Israel. My 6, 16, 14, 5, 24, 3, was a grandson of Noah My 7, 16, 19, 7, 2, 5, was a King of Sas My 8, 1, 2, 12, was the name of a well at which Isaac's herdmen watered their flocks.

Isaac 7 nordmen watered their flocks.

My 9, 24, 12, 12, 16, 4, was a portion of the inhoritance of the Children of Dan.

My 10, 1, 5, 13, 18, 7, was a prophet.

My 11, 2, 22, 18, 6, 7, 5, 7, was the name of a val-

ley in Palestine. My 12, 26, 22, 5, 7, was a Duke of Edom My 13, 19, 1, 18, 6, 7, 5, 0, was a son of Jacob. My 14, 18, 7, 20, 7, 16, 4, was a Prince of the

My 16, 9, 2, 11, was a Prince of the Midias My 18, 11, 4, 2, 9, was a Captain of Saul's host. My 19, 8, 23, 9, was the name of the mount in which Esau dwell.

My 20, 13, 19, 2, 22, 24, was a Captain of the armiss of Canaan. My 32, 8, 7, 16, 11, was a city in the land of Judah

My 23, 9, 18, was a grandesn of Benjami My 24, 11, 23, 5, 7, was a son of Samuel My whole was a King and country mentic

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY SYRKING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters. My 9, 25, 2, 21, 29, 8, is a capital in Europe. My 3, 16, 29, 28, 6, 2, 30, is a river in Asia-

United States My 12, 5, 14, 13, 20, 11, 23, is a country in South America

My 13, 4, 19, 26, 27, 30, 31, 29, is an island of My 18, 19, 5, 15, 31, 7, 8, is an island in the Me

My 22, 12, 8; 16, is one of the cases of the Great My 24, 4, 6, 12, 9, 25, 20, 6 is a celebrated volcan

in Europe.

In Europe.

My whole is a celebrated enriceity, together with the name of the State and county in which it is becated.

ABRAM W. MOHLER.

MISCRLLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY SVENING POST. I am composed of 31 letters.

My 12, 14, 13, 9, 5, 11, is not often seen My 21, 18, 23, 9, 25, 7, is what many men would My 6, 13, 29, 18, 13, 21, is whatevery man has.

My 25, 31, 15, 6, 9, 31, 10, 28, is often captured. My 10, 14, 3, 27, 13, 4, 9, 18, 7, 11, is what every person has. My 20, 23, 27, 18, is what every sircus has.

My 1, 25, 13, 24, 5, 31, 15, is often found. My 16, 10, 8, 29, 18, 13, 28, has cansed don My 26, 23, 31, 14, to what most of us have. My 22, 23, 30, 16, 13, is what busines have.

My 19, 2, 17, 20, is what bill-posters always de. An account of my whole can be found in the history of the United States.

RIDDLE.

WRITTED FOR THE SATURDAY BYREIG POST. I am composed of letters two, Without a doubt you will comfess it : I am a simple word, and you With little chili can straightway guess-it.

My first erase, and you will find Extensively used by mankind, The truth of which I'm sure you'll grant.

Rrase my second, and you'll see What may be called a self-made name Though no more hints I'll give to you, But leave you now to guess the same.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first is an article; my second is a verb; my hole is the name of a male.

tio wir lig ha an

litt I h ide lad

I and arm ract and deli ing han hav of e long sort phil the ene sedt mix

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POSS. I am composed of letters five, Which form a body not alive That I'm a part of all mankind : Erase my first two if you wish, And you will have a kind of feh : my first three at your plea And I will be a certain measure Yet I cannot see a single ray.

MYROB A. EDDY.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION WRITTHN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The difference in the products of the area of a shorter side thereof is 2266, and the proporties se two sides themselves have to ea

is as I to 4. Required—the area?

instrument has had an honorary degree conferred

upon it? Ans .- Fiddle D. D. Why is fish-peddling, morally considered.
n objectionable business? Ans.—Because one sells much that he knows has been honked.

LATEST PROB CHINA .- Why is wit like vity is the sole of wit.

lady who has not read "Lalla Rookh!" use (ahem!) he Imore no More! ANSWERS TO REDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA-St. Panl'achu Breadway, New York. PROPESSIONAL ENIG-MA—Sir William Blackstone. MISCELLANEOUS min (Ben-jam-inn.) CHARADS Suicide I-dice.) ANAGRAMS-Unfortunate, Pennsylva-Faminia, Entered, District, Humor, Eastern, Congress.
Act, According, Coffee, Court, Stone, Magin, West.